R. CALDECOTT'S SECOND COLLECTION
OF
PICTURES & SONGS
FREDERICK WARNE & Co. LTD.

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Memorial Collection

R. CALDECOTT'S

SECOND COLLECTION OF

PICTURES AND SONGS

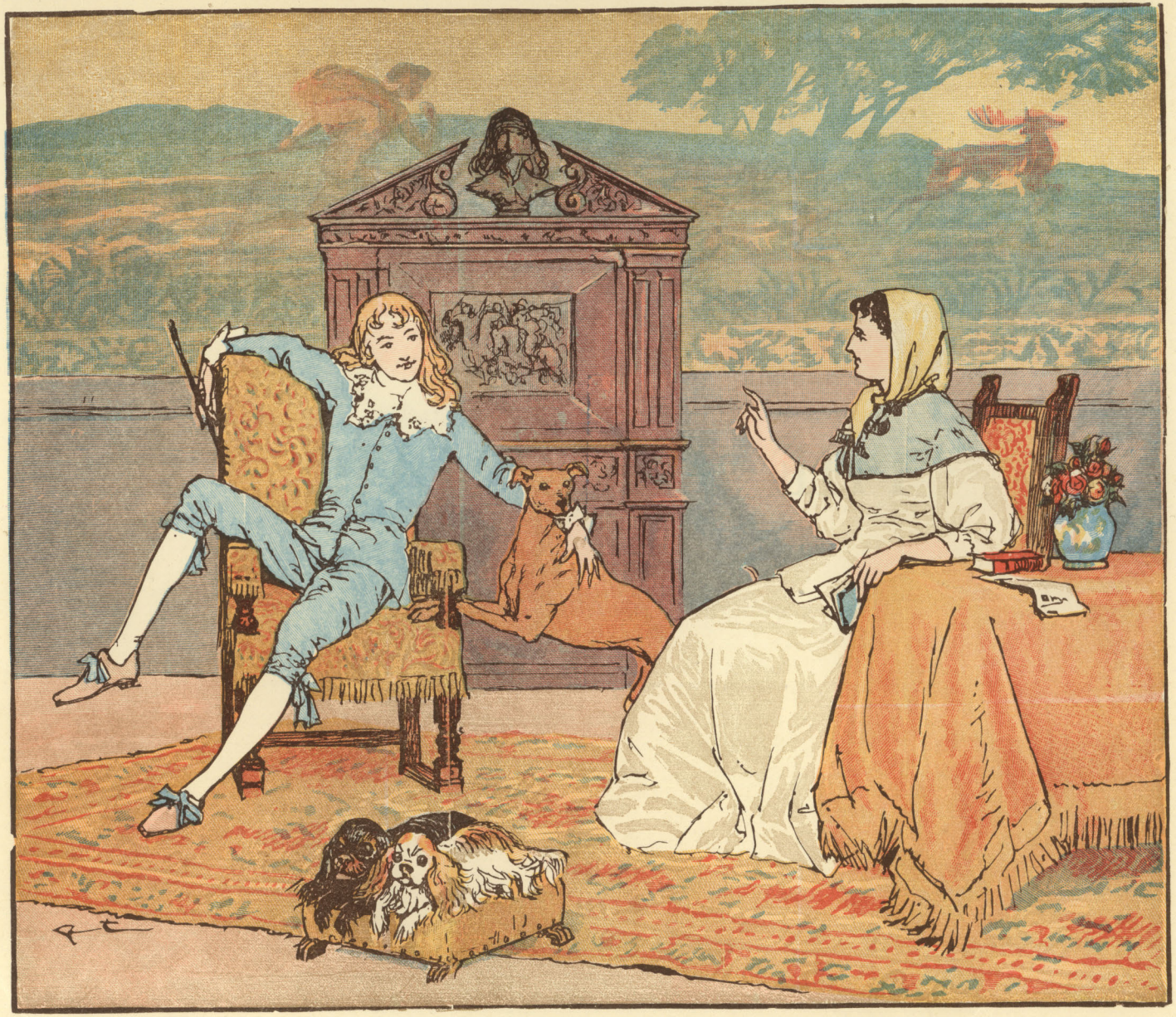
CONTAINING

THE MILKMAID
HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE, AND BABY BUNTING
THE FOX JUMPS OVER THE PARSON'S GATE
A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO
COME LASSES AND LADS
RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS, AND
A FARMER WENT TROTTING UPON HIS GREY MARE
MRS. MARY BLAIZE
THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO., LTD.
AND NEW YORK

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

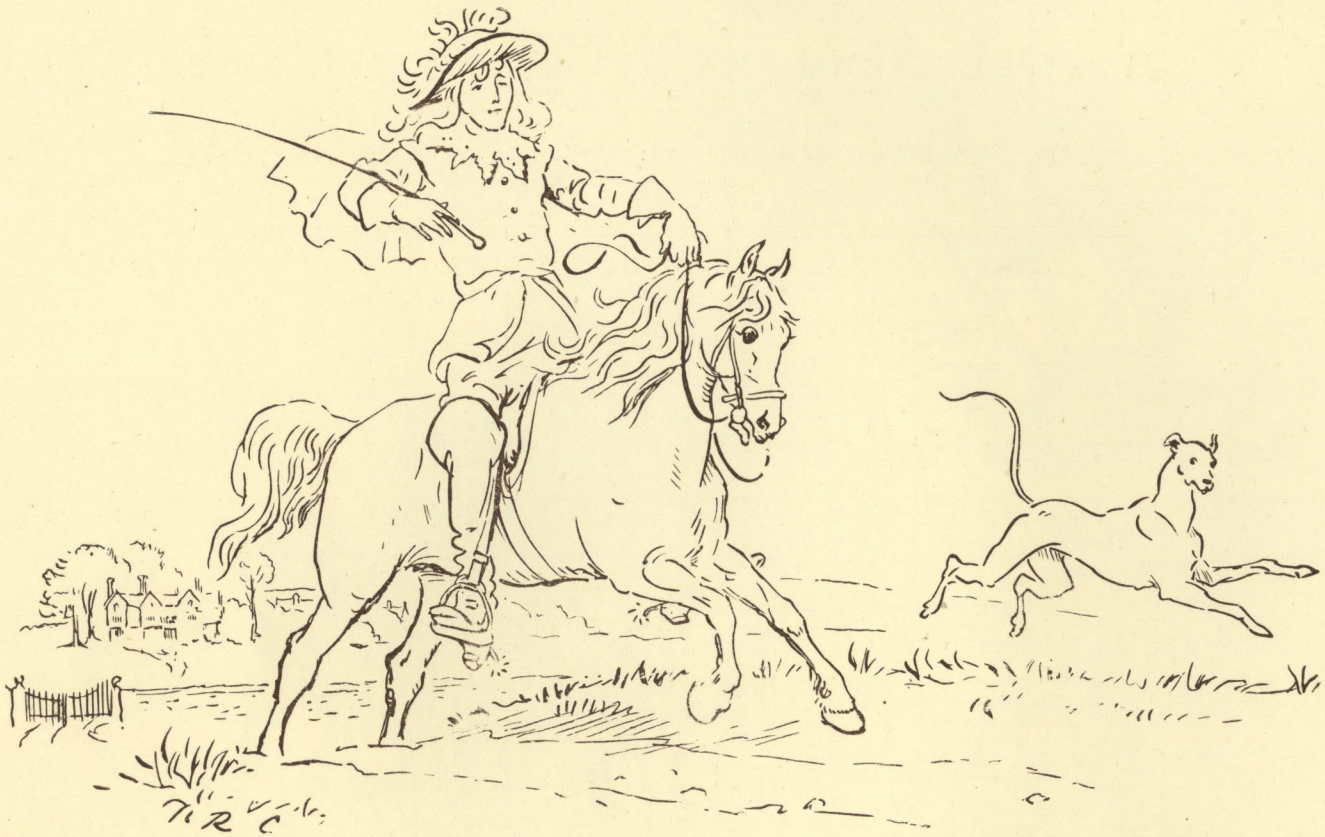
THE MILK-MAID.



The MILKMAID.

An Old Song exhibited & explained
in many designs by R. Caldecott.

A LADY said to her Son — a poor young SQUIRE:
"You must seek a Wife with a Fortune!"



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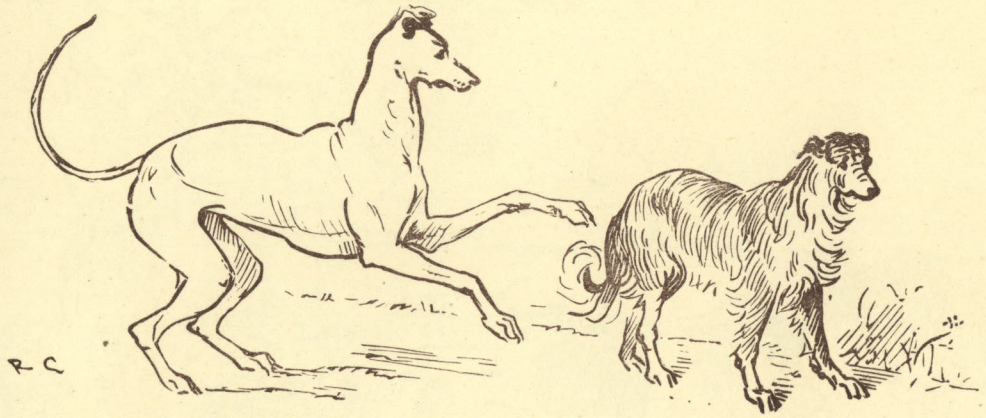
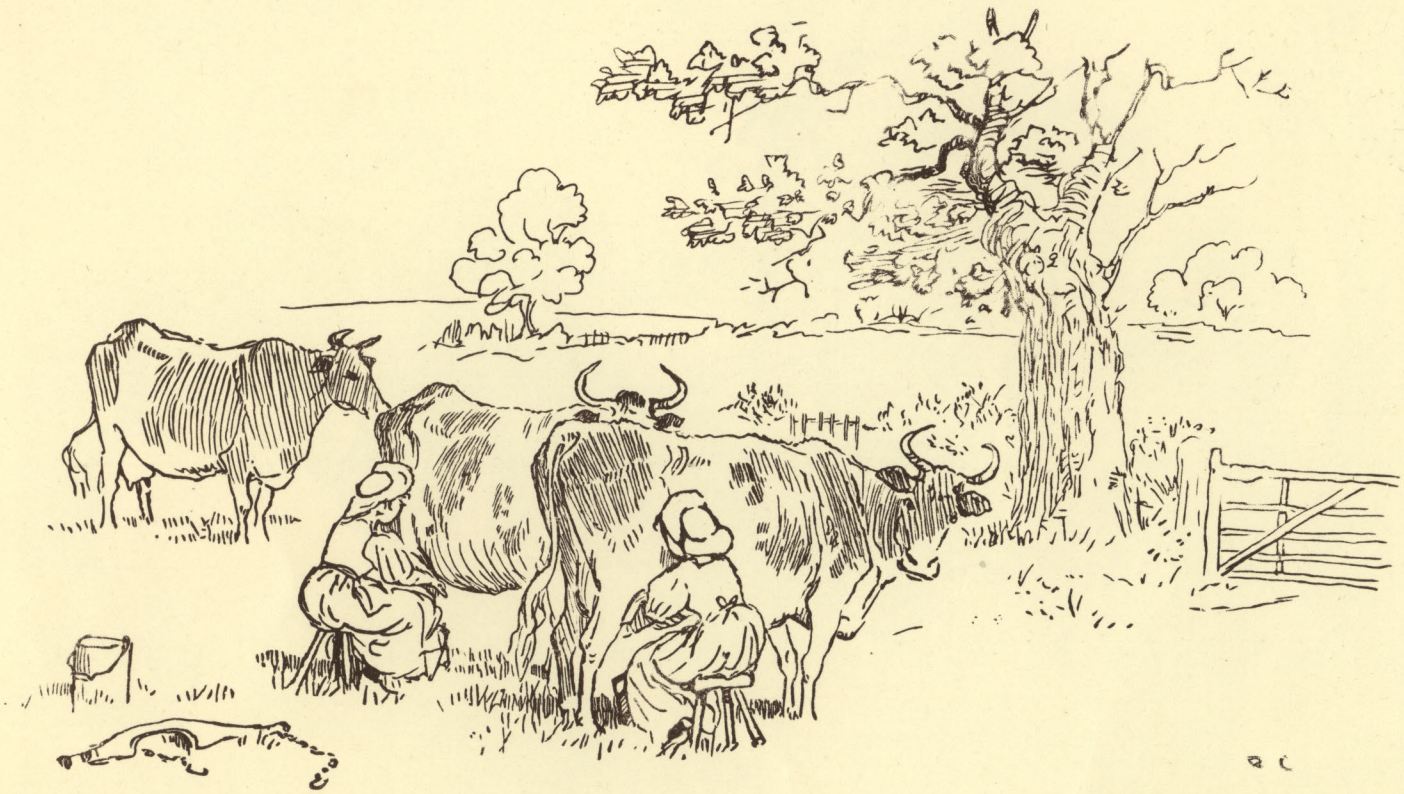
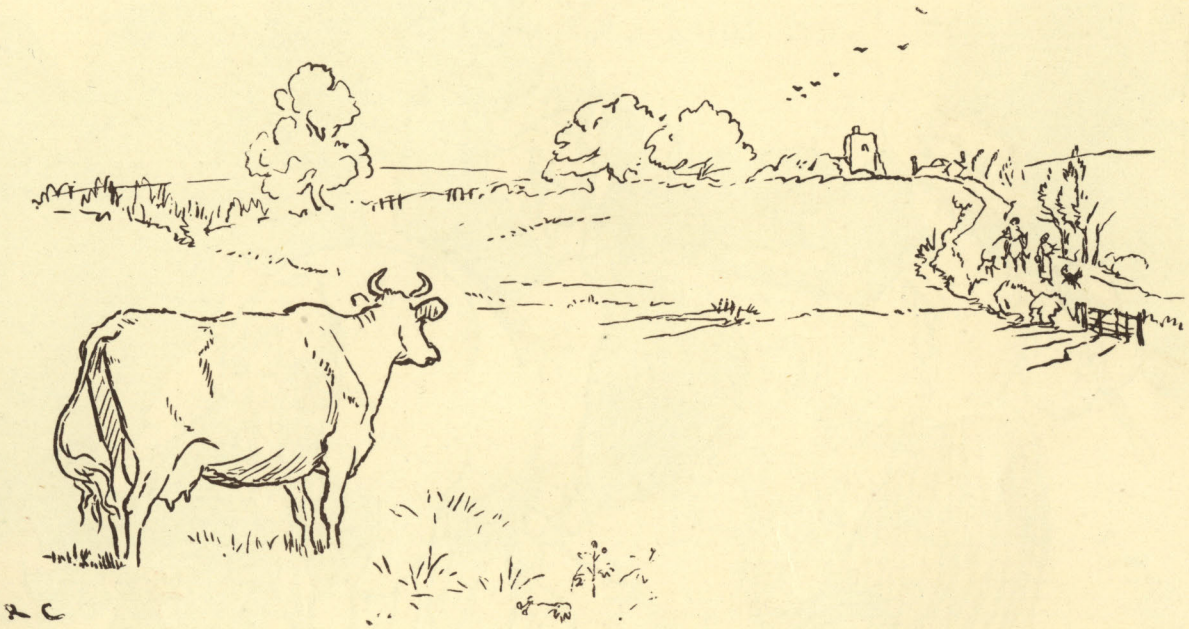


"WHERE are you going, my Pretty Maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said

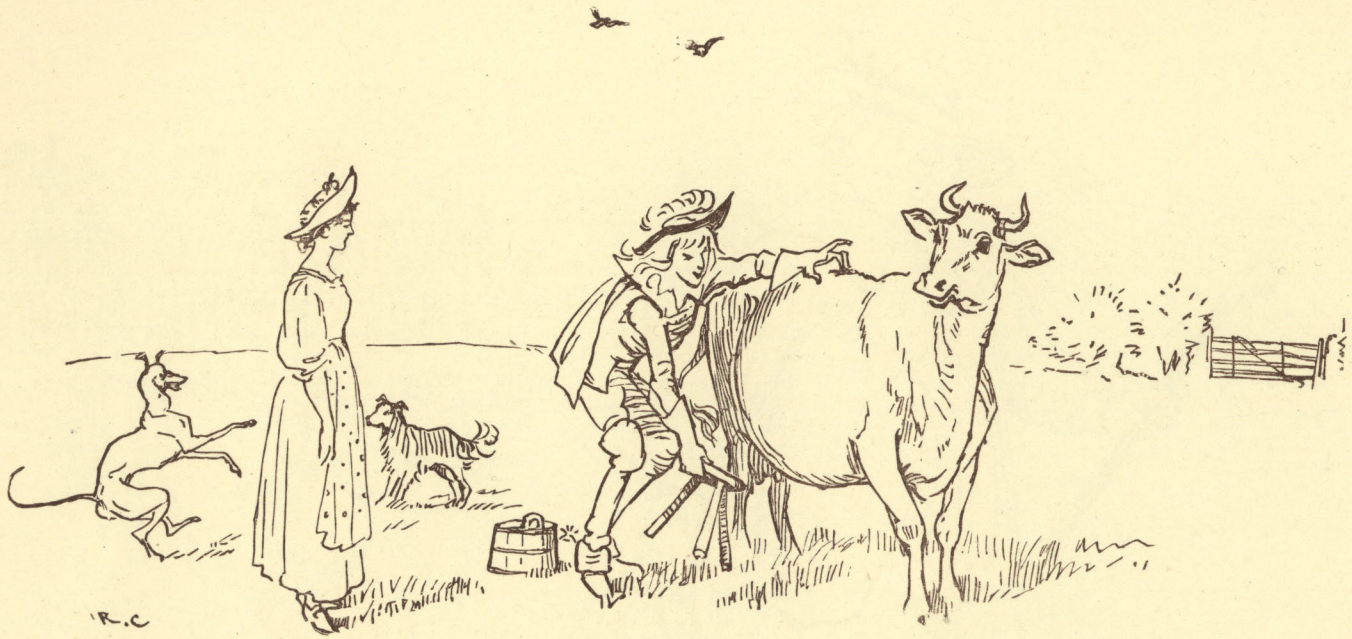




"Shall I go with you, my Pretty Maid?"
"Oh yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

"What is your Father, my Pretty Maid?"

"My Father's a Farmer, Sir," she said.

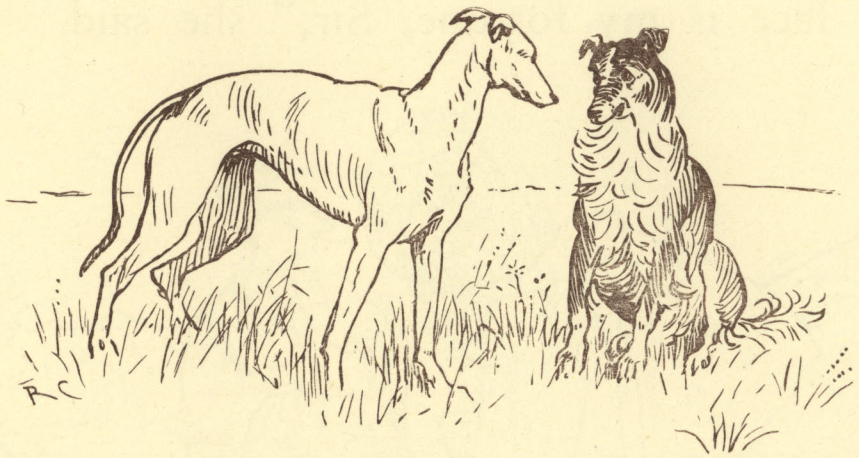


"Shall I marry you, my Pretty Maid?"

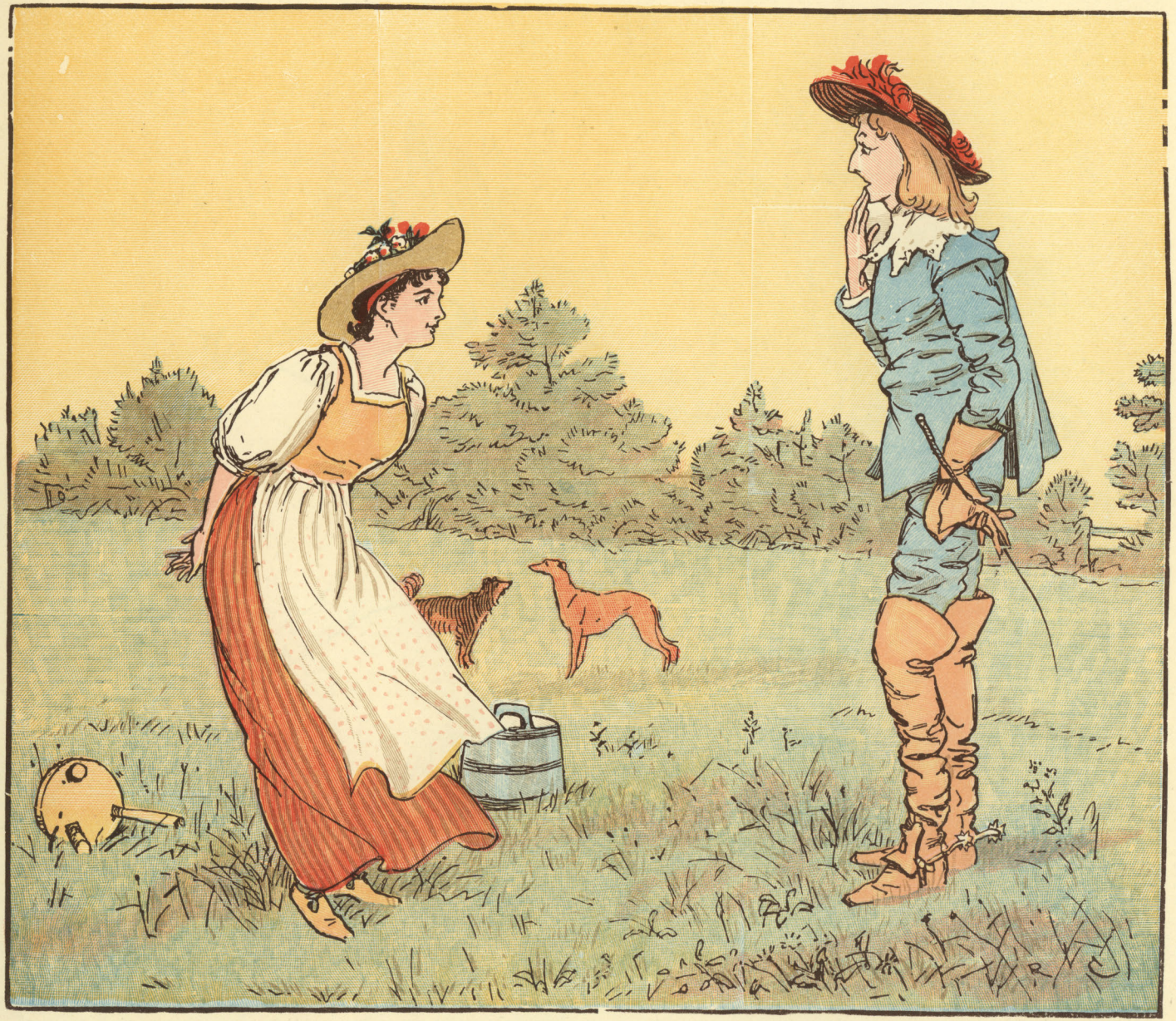
"Oh thank you, kindly, Sir," she said.

R C

"But what is your fortune, my pretty Maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.



"Then I can't marry you, my Pretty Maid!"
"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said.

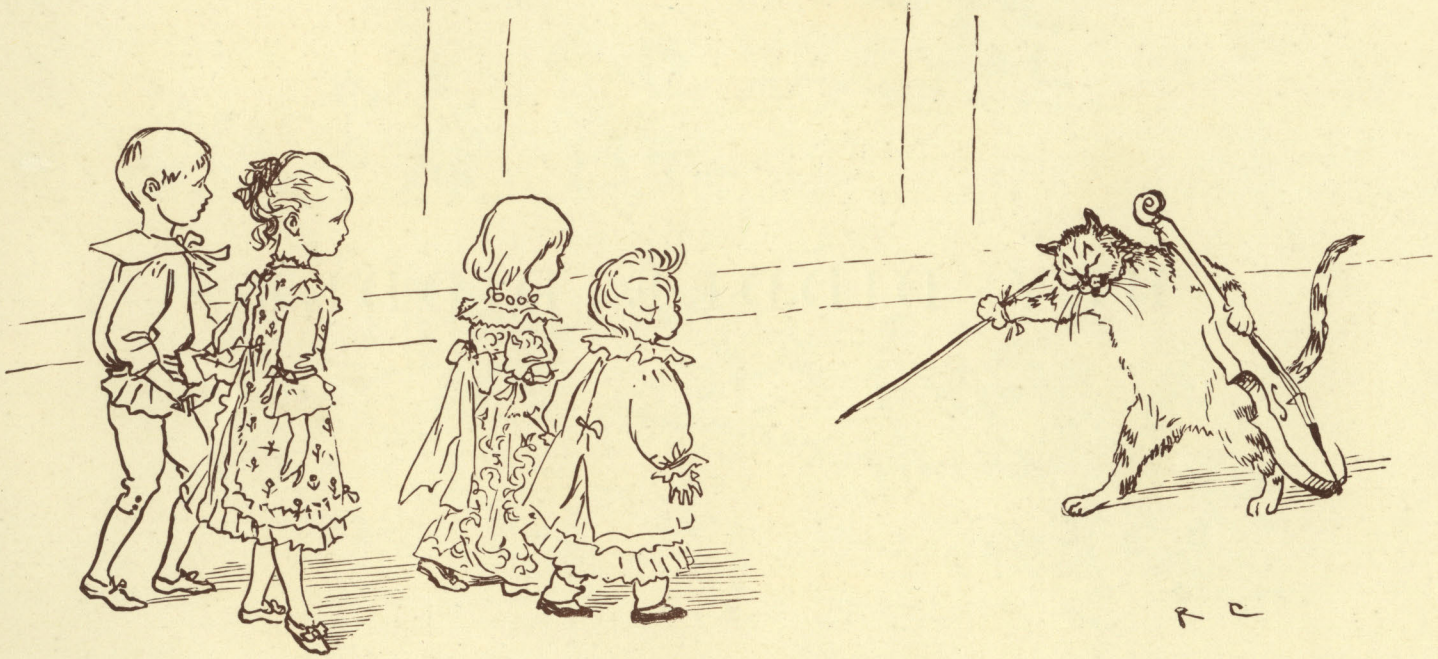


"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said.

"Sir!" she said.

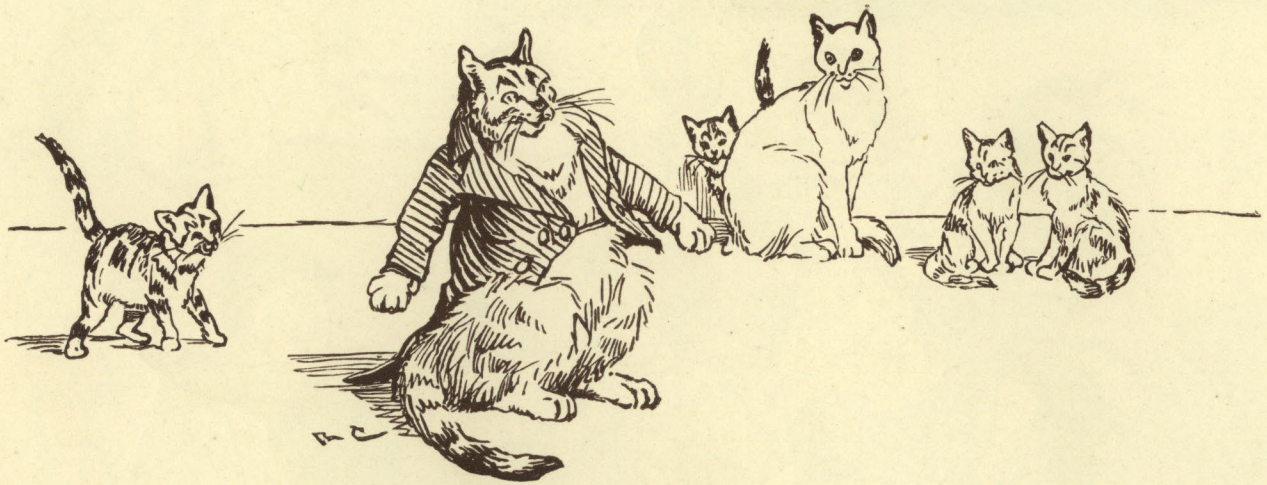
"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE



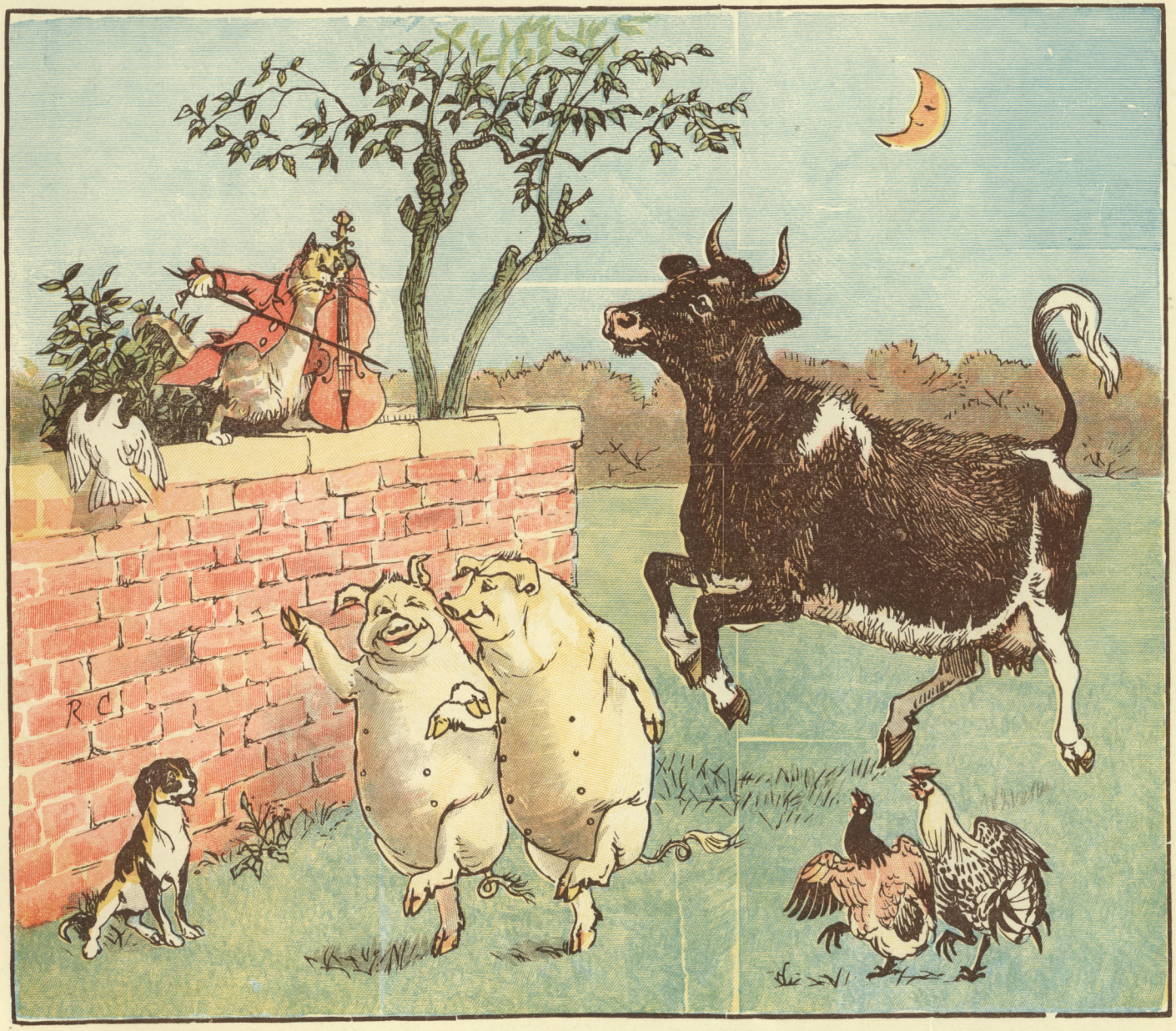
Hey, diddle, diddle,

R.C



The Cat

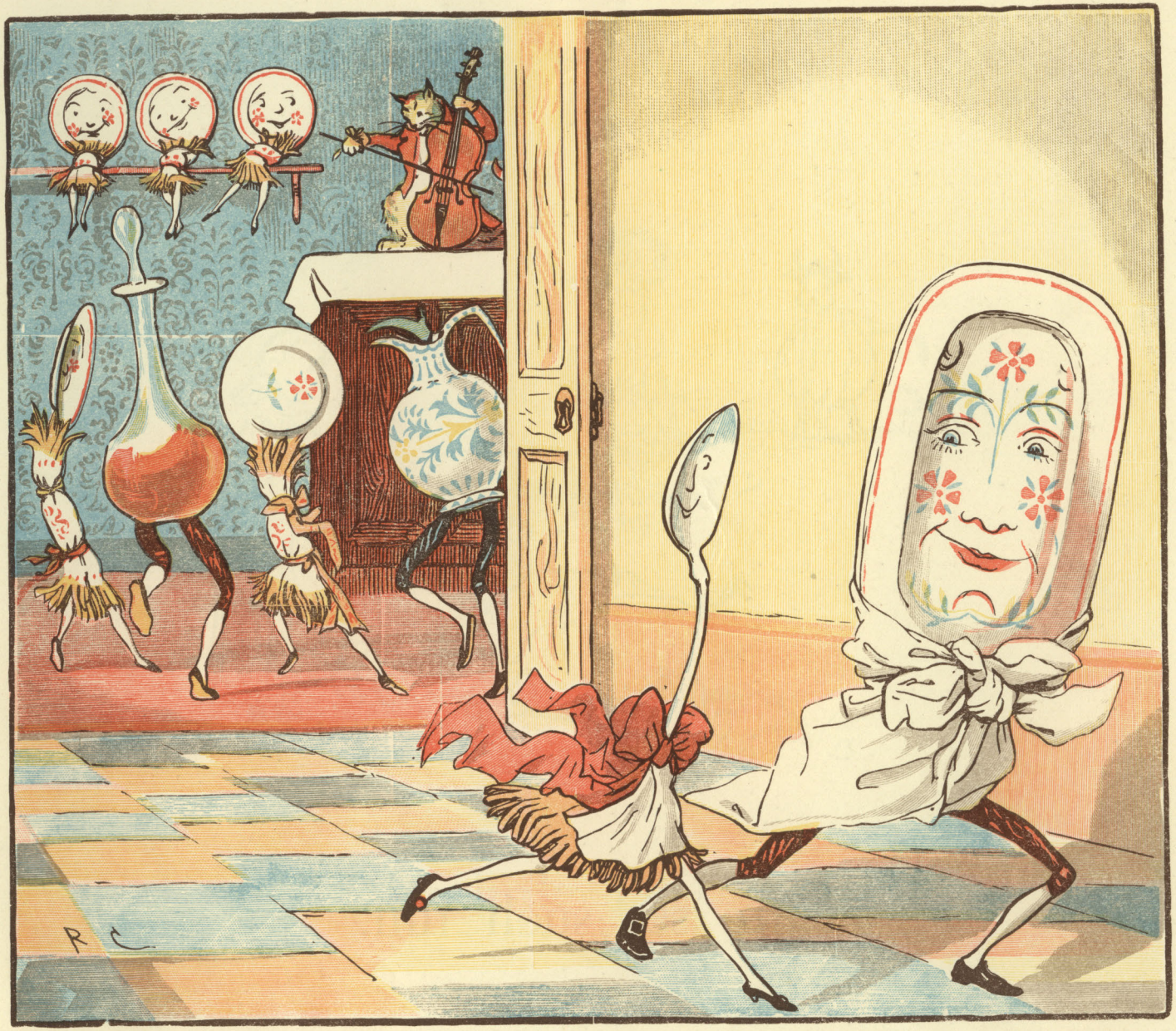
and the Fiddle,

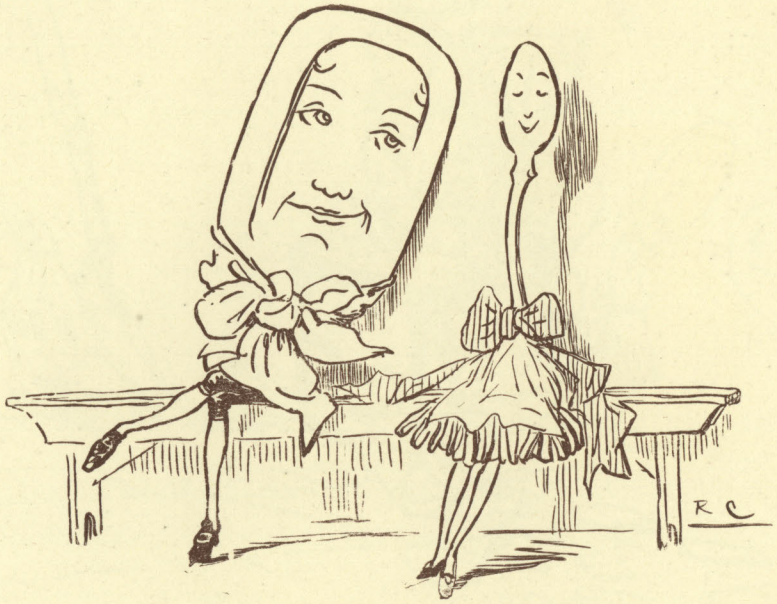

R C

The Cow jumped over the Moon,

The little Dog laughed

to see such fun.





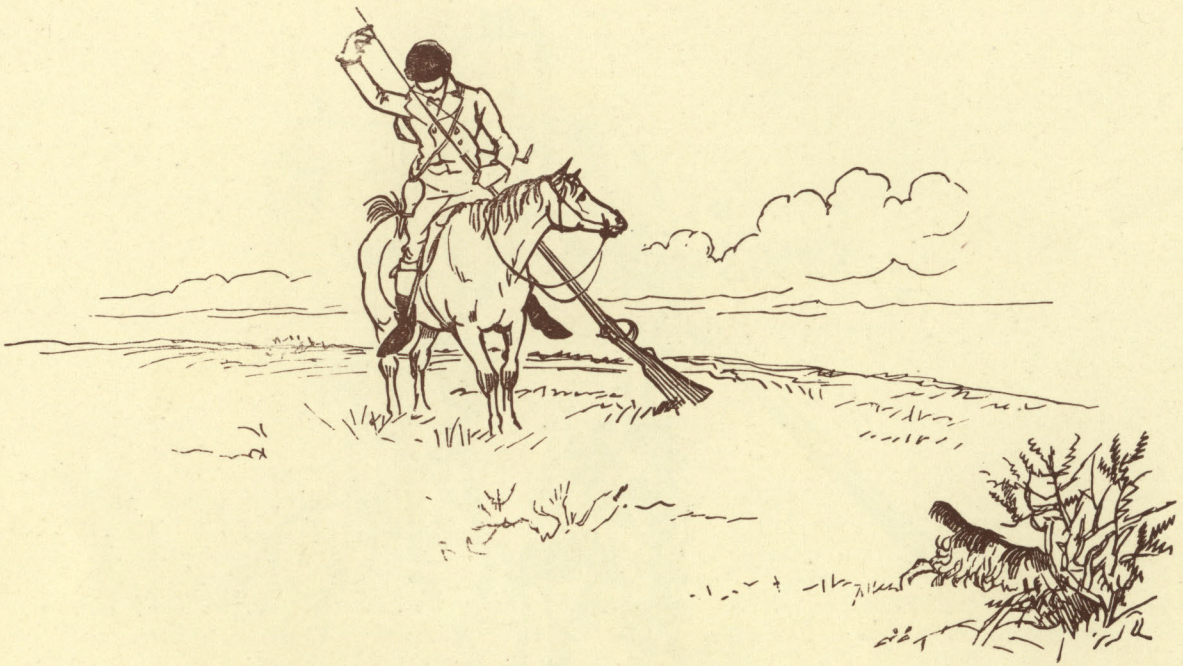
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

BABY BUNTING.

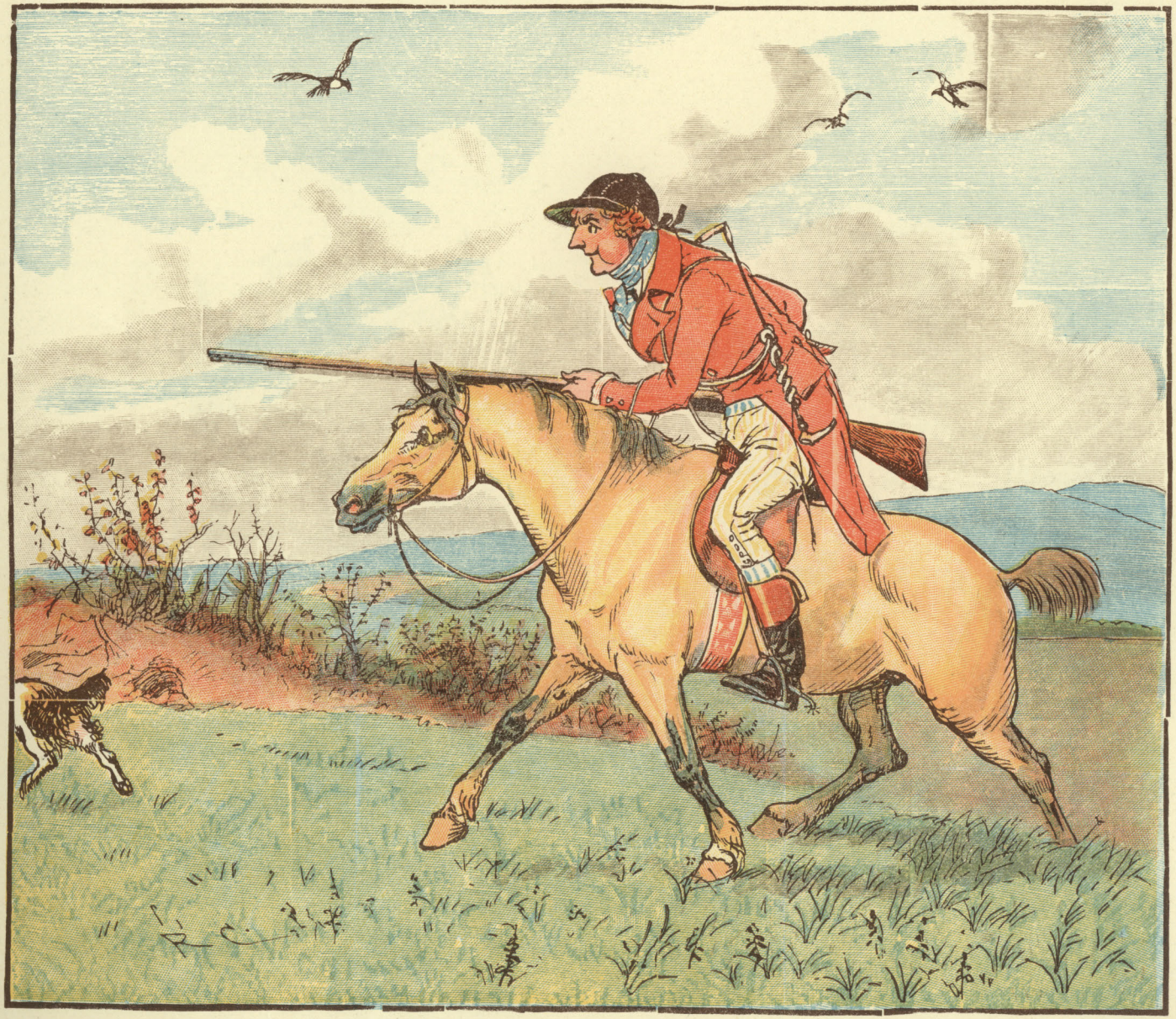
Bye, Baby Bunting!

Father's

gone



a-hunting,



Gone to fetch

a Rabbit-skin

RC

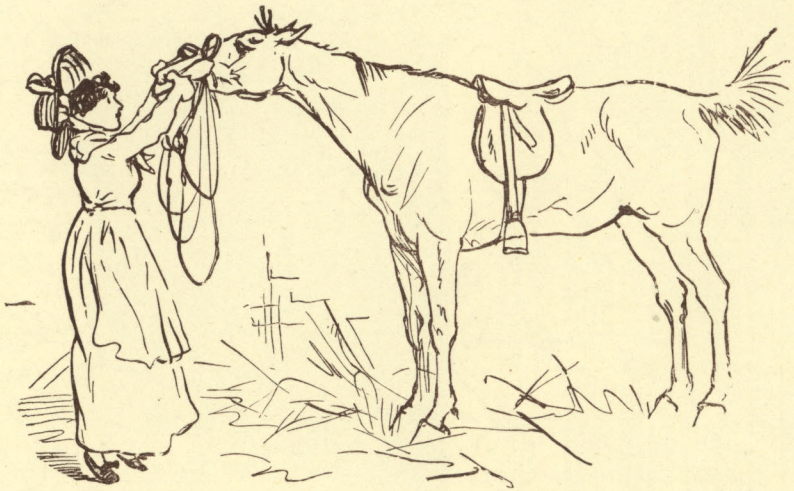
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

THE FOX JUMPS OVER THE PARSON'S GATE

The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!

The Fox jumps over the PARSON's gate,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go.

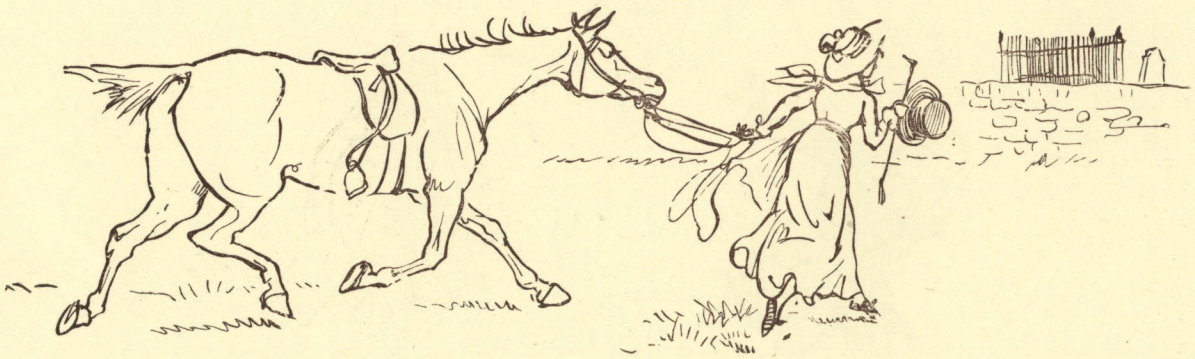
But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!

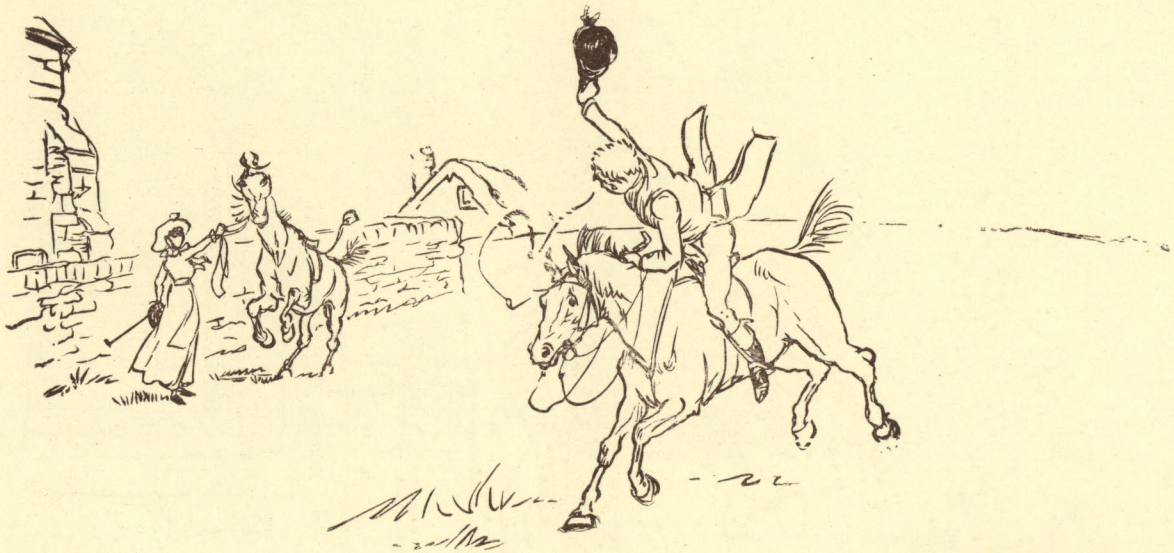


TIMOTHY
BLOWHORN
ESQUIRE
IN MEMORY OF
MARY
DAUGHTER OF
JOHN MAYDEW
YEAMAN
Thomas TOOTLE
PETER PIPER

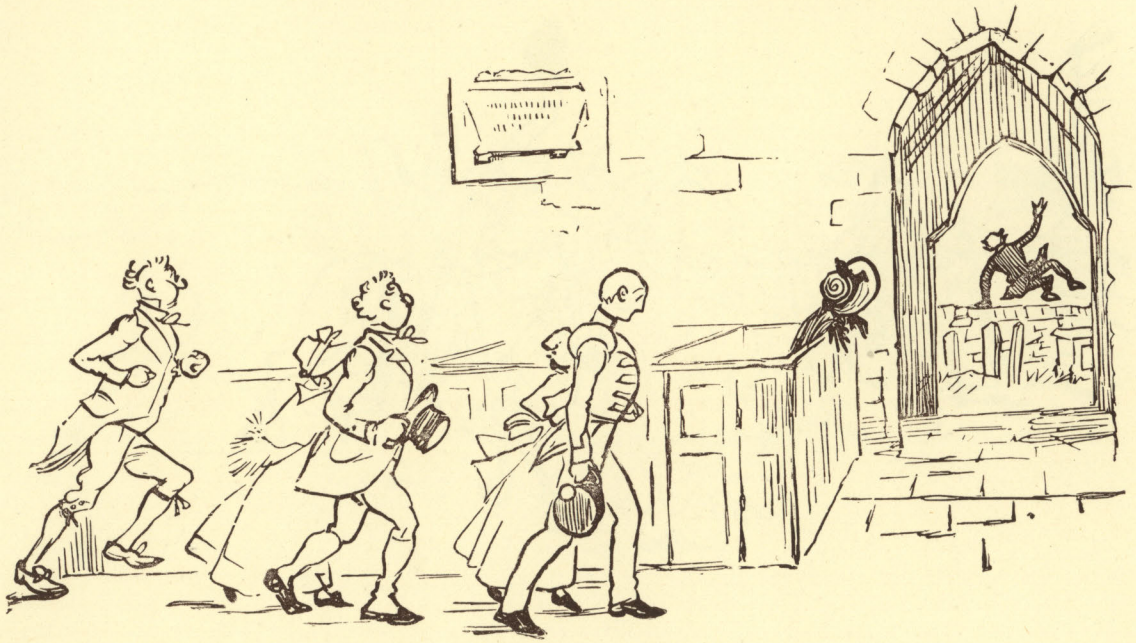
Now the PARSON had a pair to wed
As the Hounds came full in view;
He tossed his surplice over his head,
And bid them all adieu!

But all my fancy dwelt on NANCY,
So he cried, TALLY-HO!
So he cried, TALLY-HO!

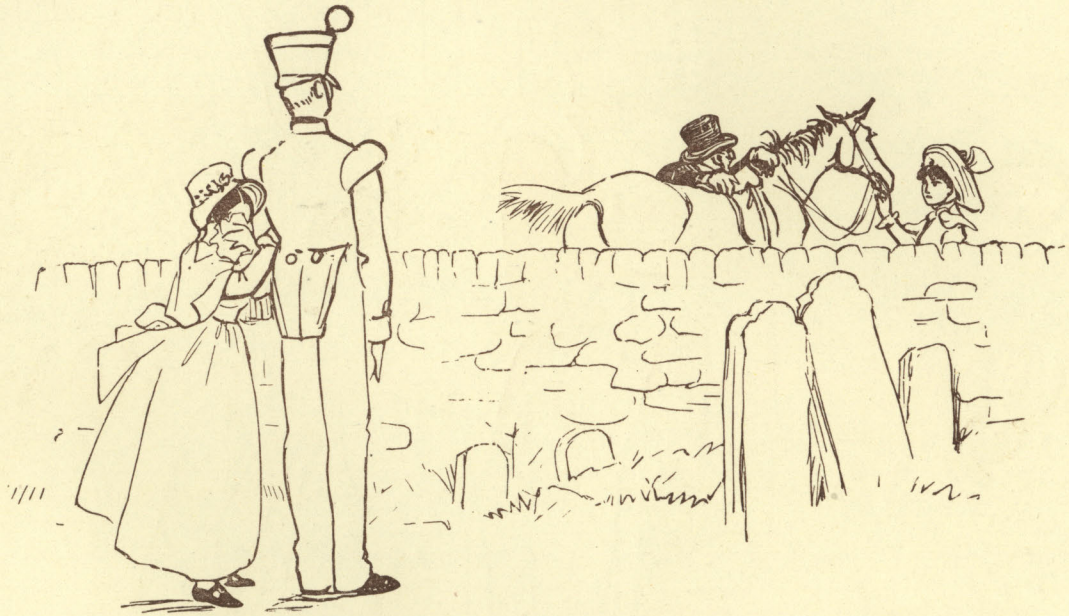


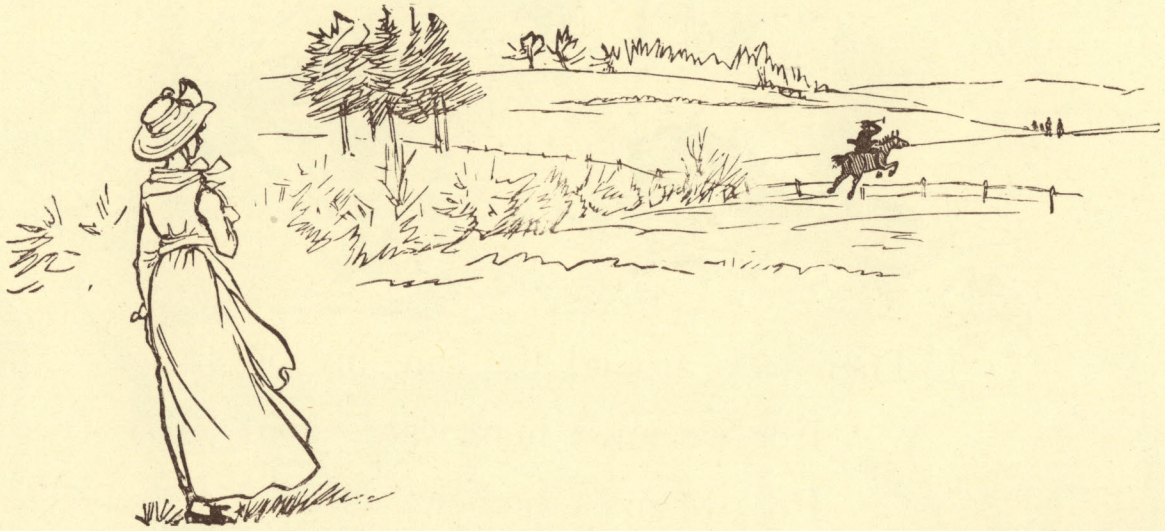


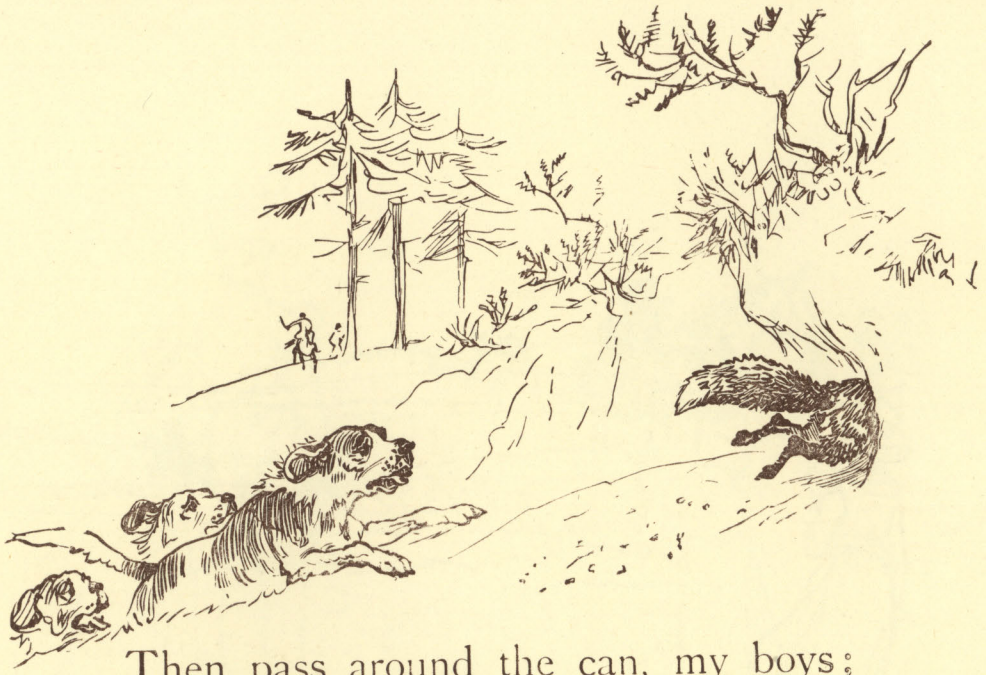
Oh! never despise the soldier-lad
Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low.



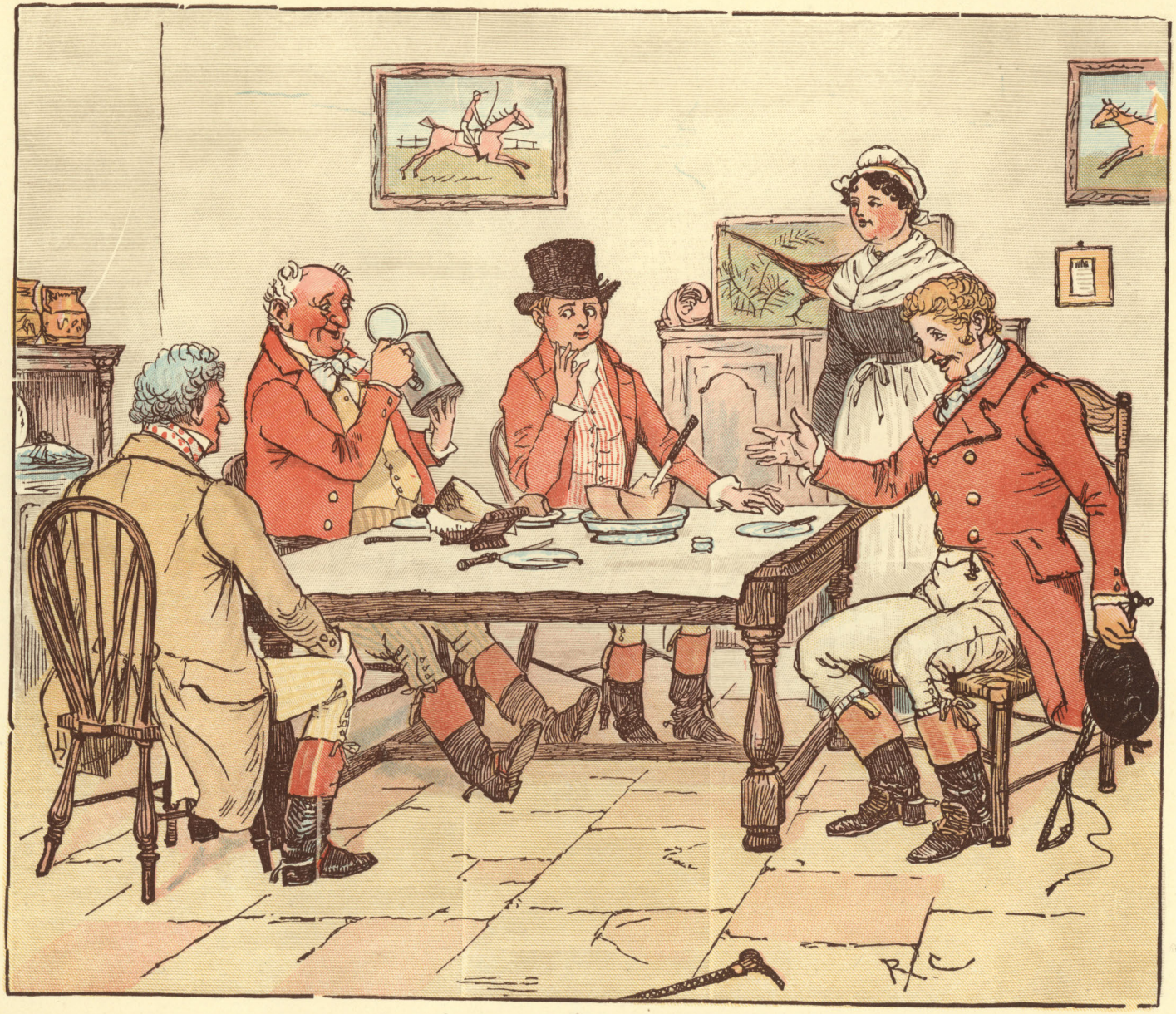
But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!







Then pass around the can, my boys;
For we must homewards go,
For we must homewards go,
For we must homewards go.
And if you ask me of this song
The reason for to shew,
I don't exactly know – ow-- ow
I don't exactly know



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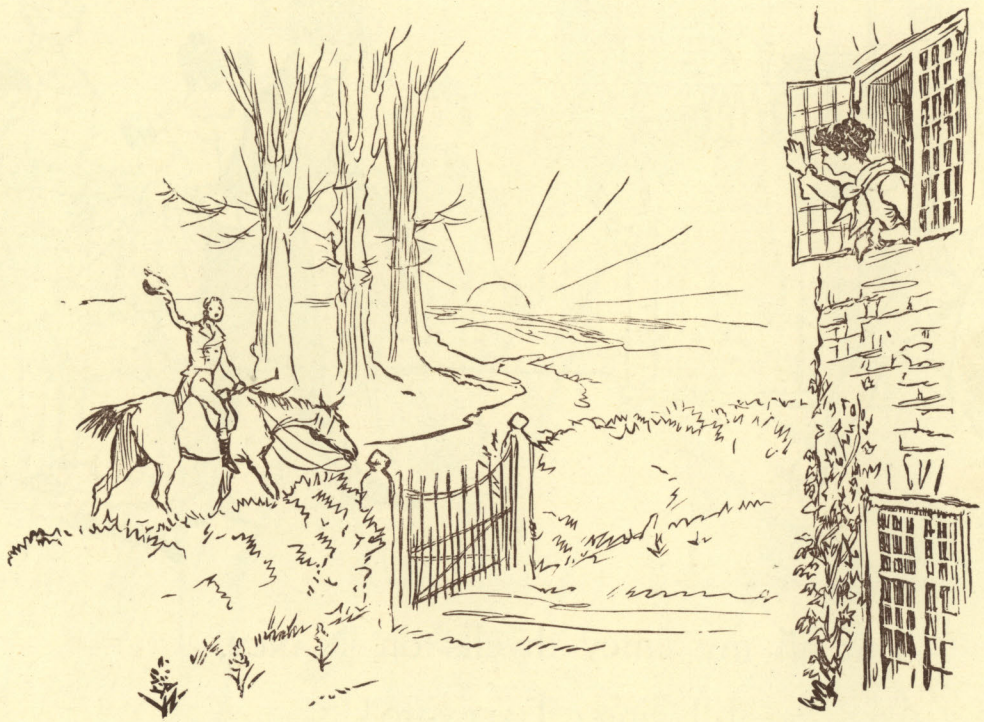
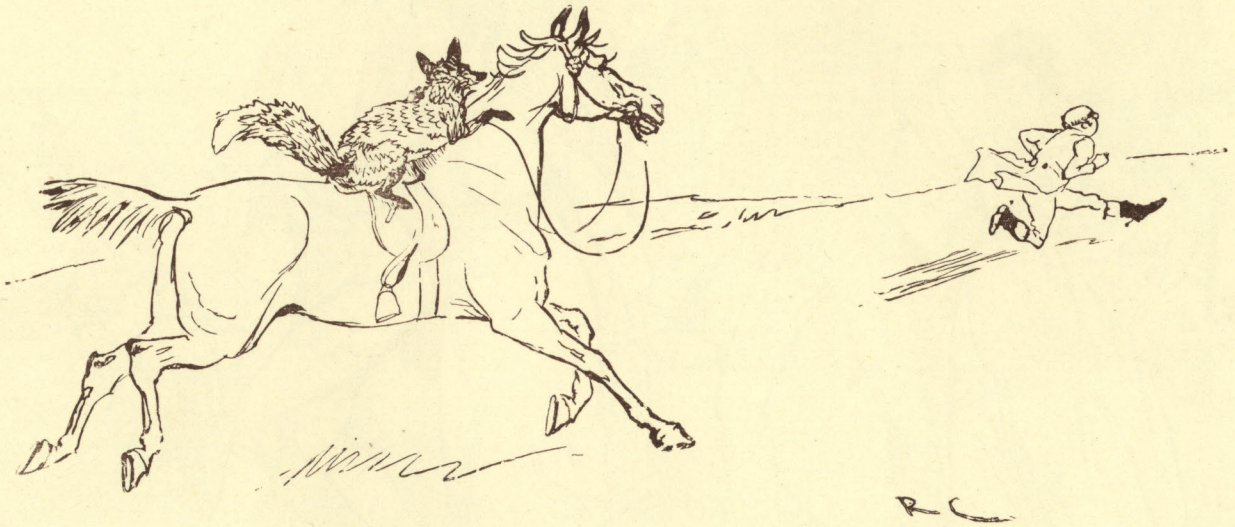


But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!
But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!



A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A Frog he would a-wooing go,

Heigho, says Rowley!

Whether his Mother would let him or no.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera-hat,

Heigho, says ROWLEY!

And on his way he met with a Rat.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"Pretty Miss Mousey for to see?"

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho. says Anthony Rowley!

Now they soon arrived at Mousey's Hall,

Heigho, says ROWLEY!

And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

"Pray, Miss Mousey, are you within?"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"Oh, yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

RC

"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you give us some beer?"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho says, ANTHONY ROWLEY!

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"

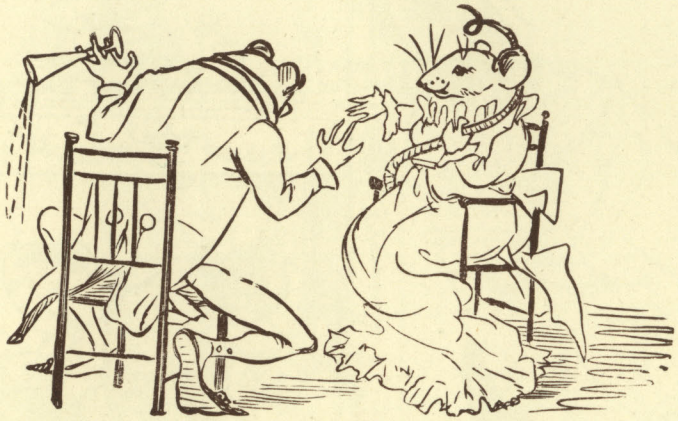
Heigho, says Rowley!

"But let it be something that's not very long."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

RC



"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,

Heigho, says Rowley!

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a Hog."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho. says Anthony Rowley!

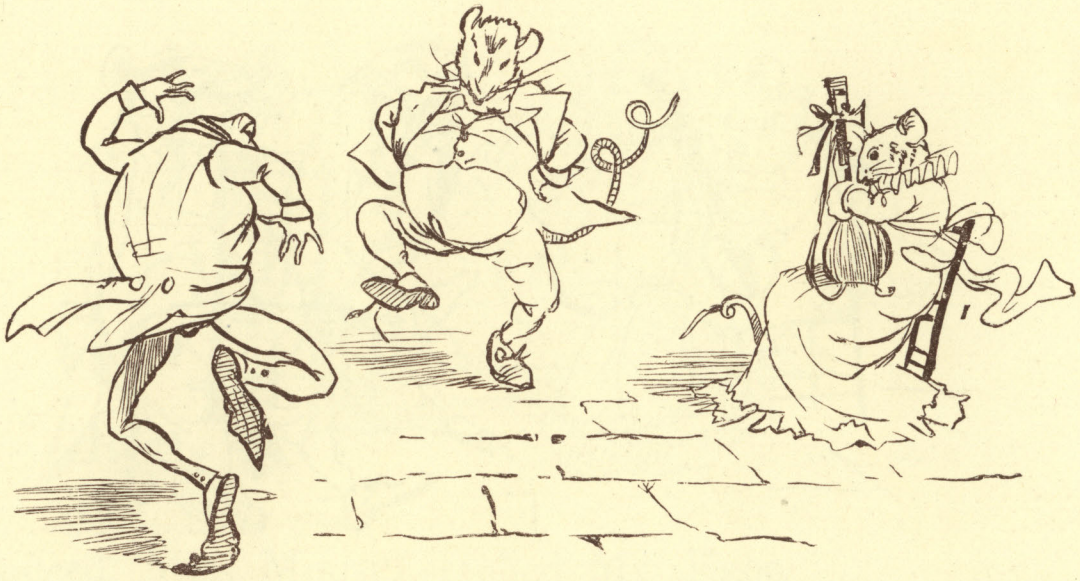
"Since you have caught cold," Miss Mousey said,

Heigho, says Rowley!

"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



But while they were all thus a merry-making,

Heigho, says ROWLEY!

A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown;

Heigho, says ROWLEY!

The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

This put Mr. FROG in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says ROWLEY!
He took up his hat, and he wished them good night.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!

But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

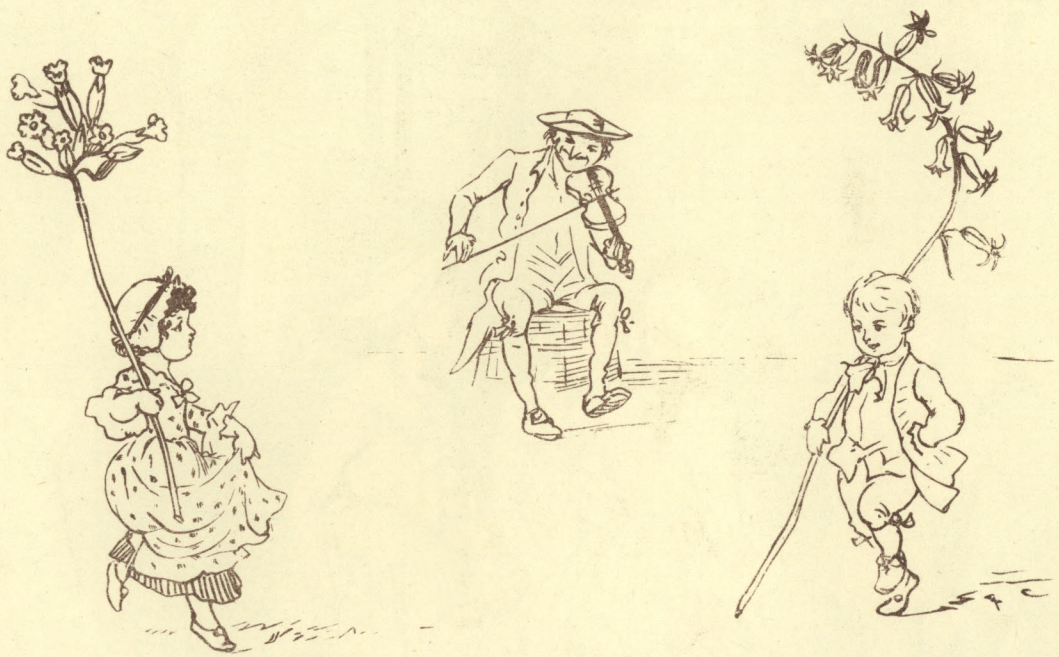
So there was an end of one, two, and three,

Heigho, says ROWLEY!

The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!

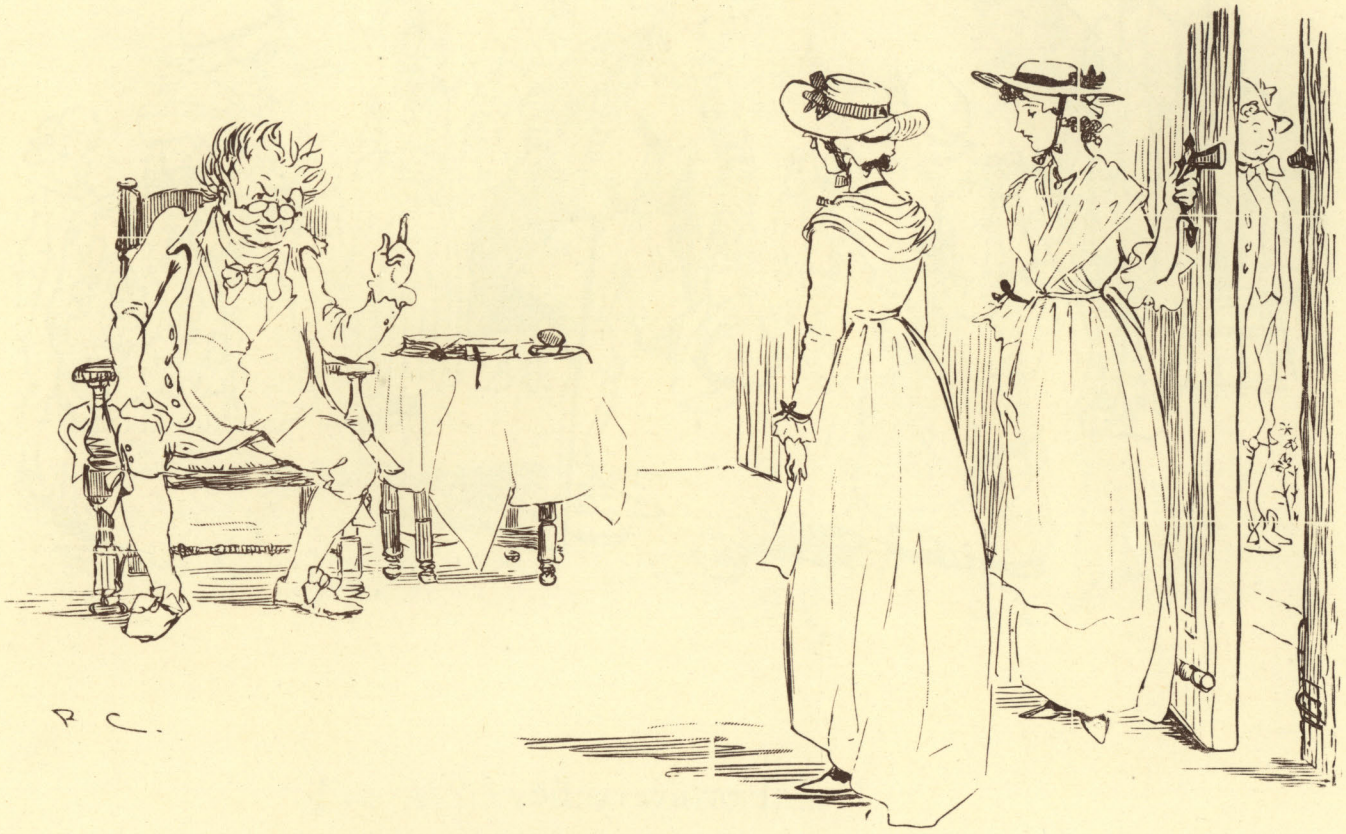
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says ANTHONY ROWLEY!



COME LASSES AND LADS

Come Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,



And away to the May-pole hey:

For every he
Has got him a she,
with a minstrel standing by.

For Willy has gotten his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Jone,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.

"Strike up," says WATT; "Agreed," says KATE,
"And I prithee, Fiddler, play;"
"Content," says HODGE, and so says MADGE,
For this is a Holiday!
Then every man did put his hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.

"Begin," says HALL; "Ay, ay," says MALL,
"We'll lead up Packington's pound:"
"No, no," says NOLL, and so says DOLL,
"We'll first have Sellenger's round."

Then every man began
to foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it,
Jet it, jet it in and out.

"You're out," says DICK; "Not I," says NICK.
"The Fiddler played it false;"
"'Tis true," says HUGH, and so says SUE,
And so says nimble ALICE.

The Fiddler then began to play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it,
Trip it, trip it to the men.

"MAID MARIAN!"

Then after an hour, they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes,
And kisses too—until they were due
the lasses held the stakes.

The girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back,
and give them their own again,
And bid them take their kisses back
and give them their own again.

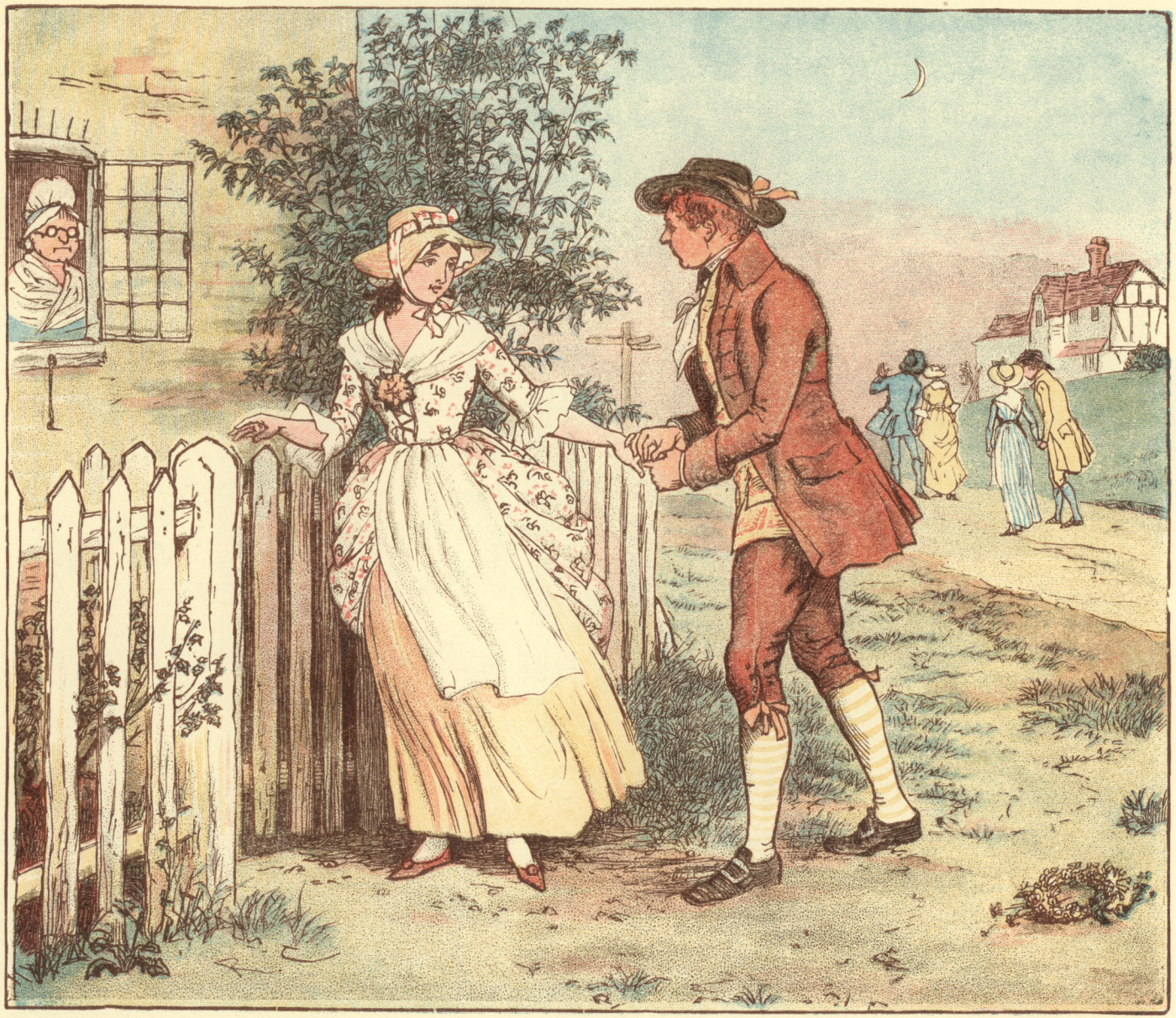
Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the Fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.

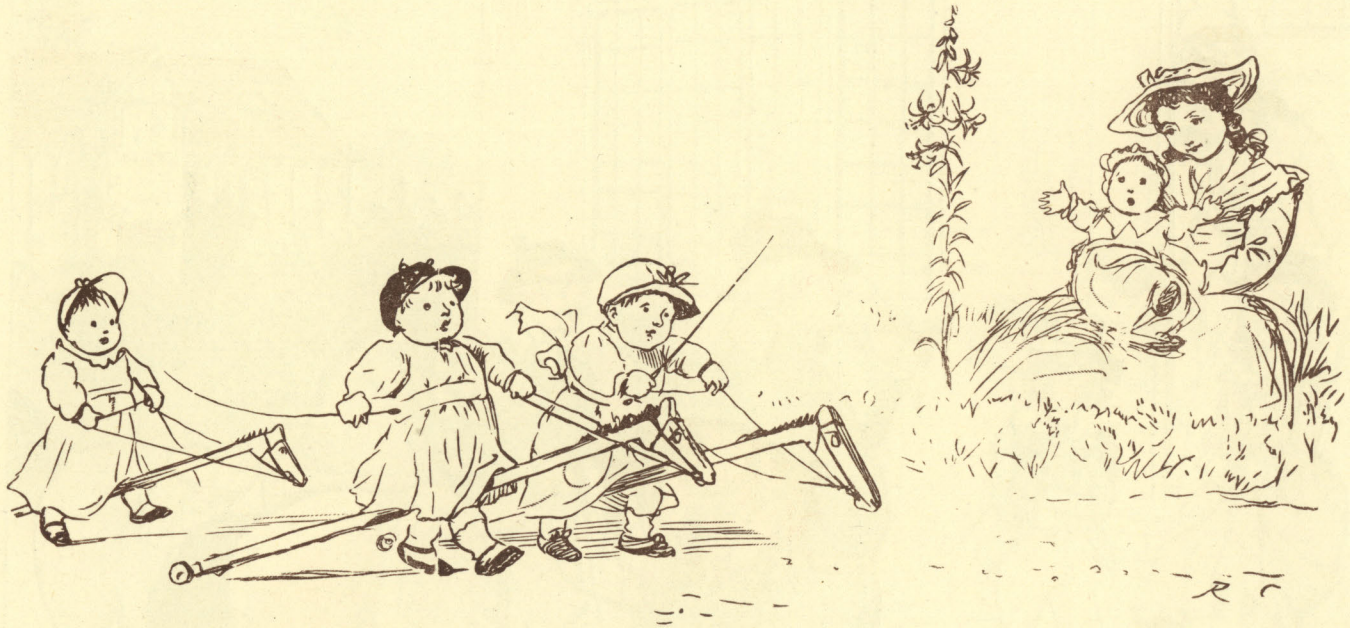
They told the Fiddler then,
they'd pay him for his play,

And each a 2-pence, 2-pence, 2-pence,
gave him and went away

Good-night," says HARRY; "Good-night," says MARY;
"Good-night," says DOLLY to JOHN;
"Good-night," says SUE, to her sweetheart HUGH,
"Good night," says everyone.

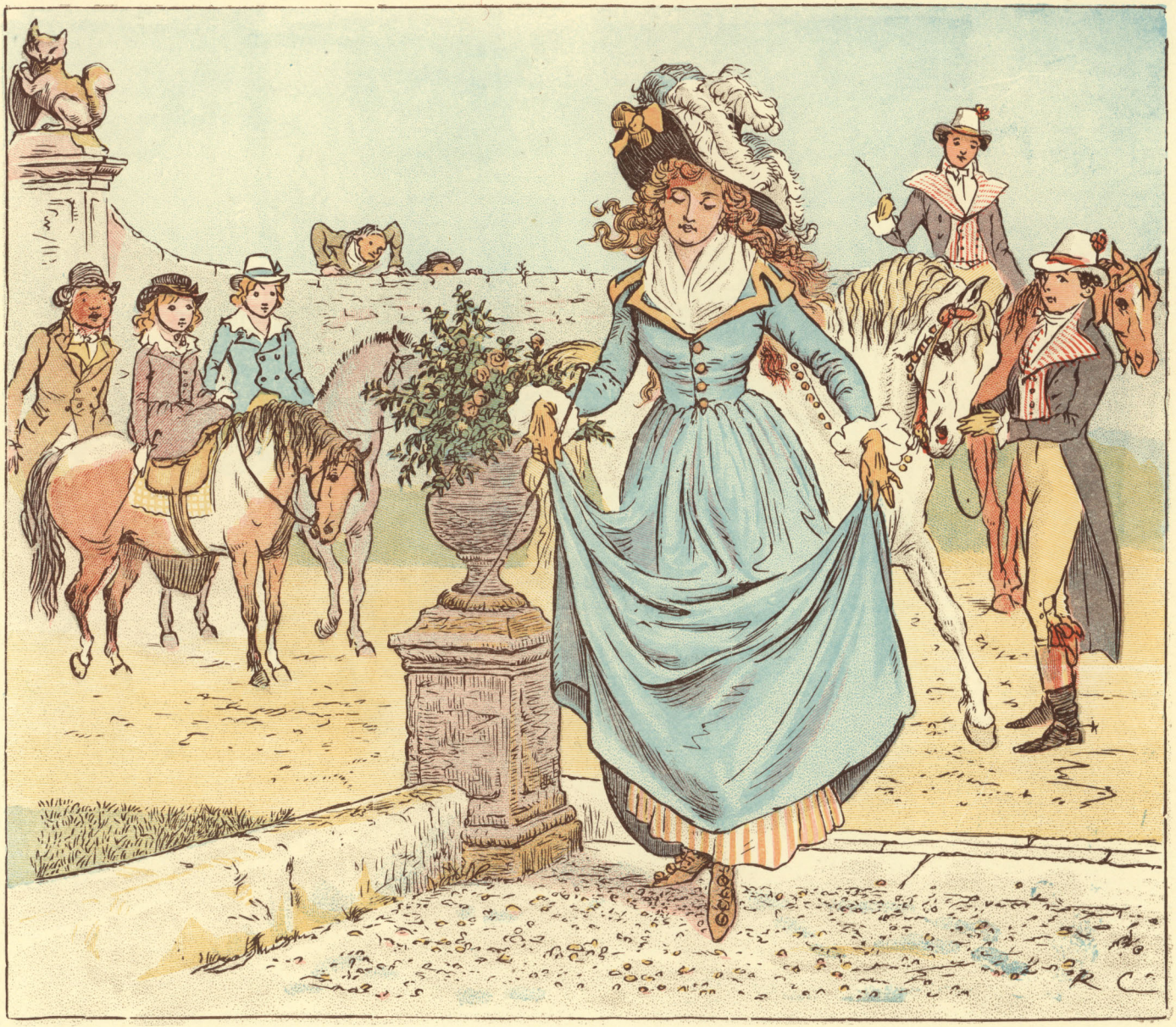
Some walked and some did run, Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve. To meet the next Holiday.

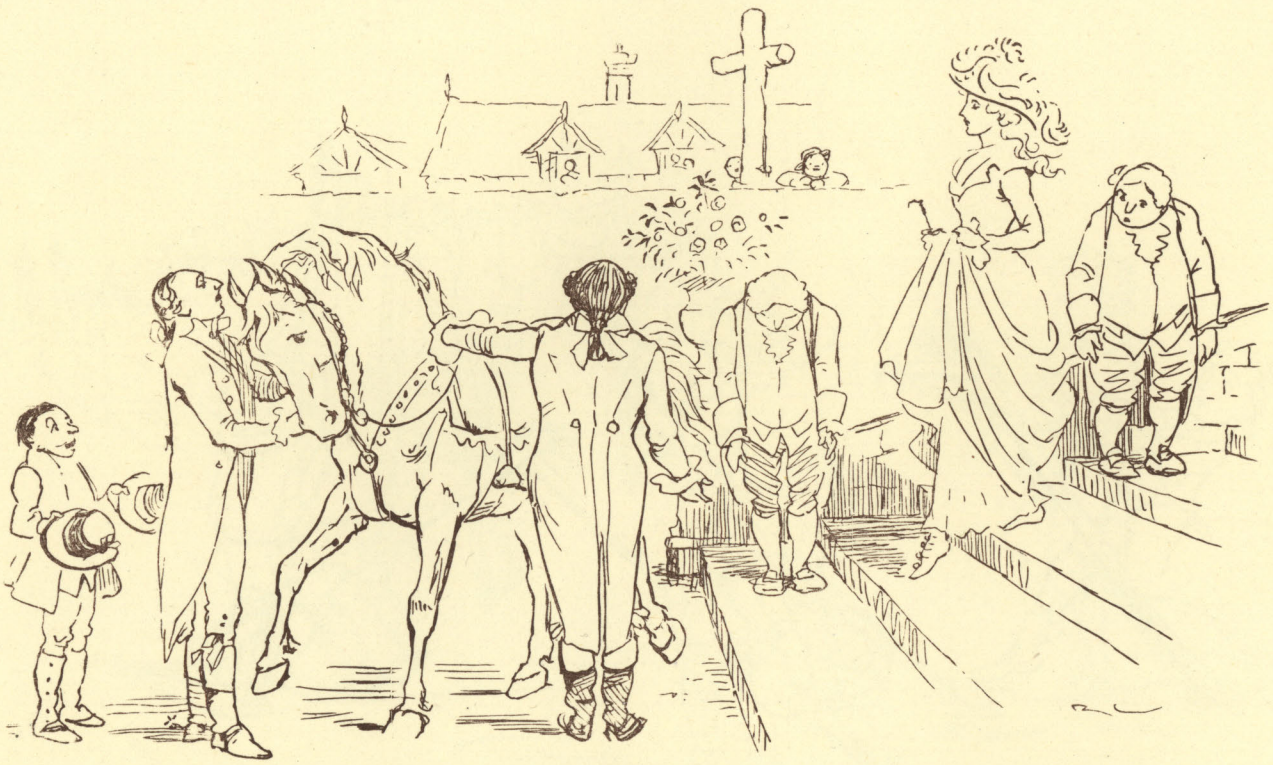




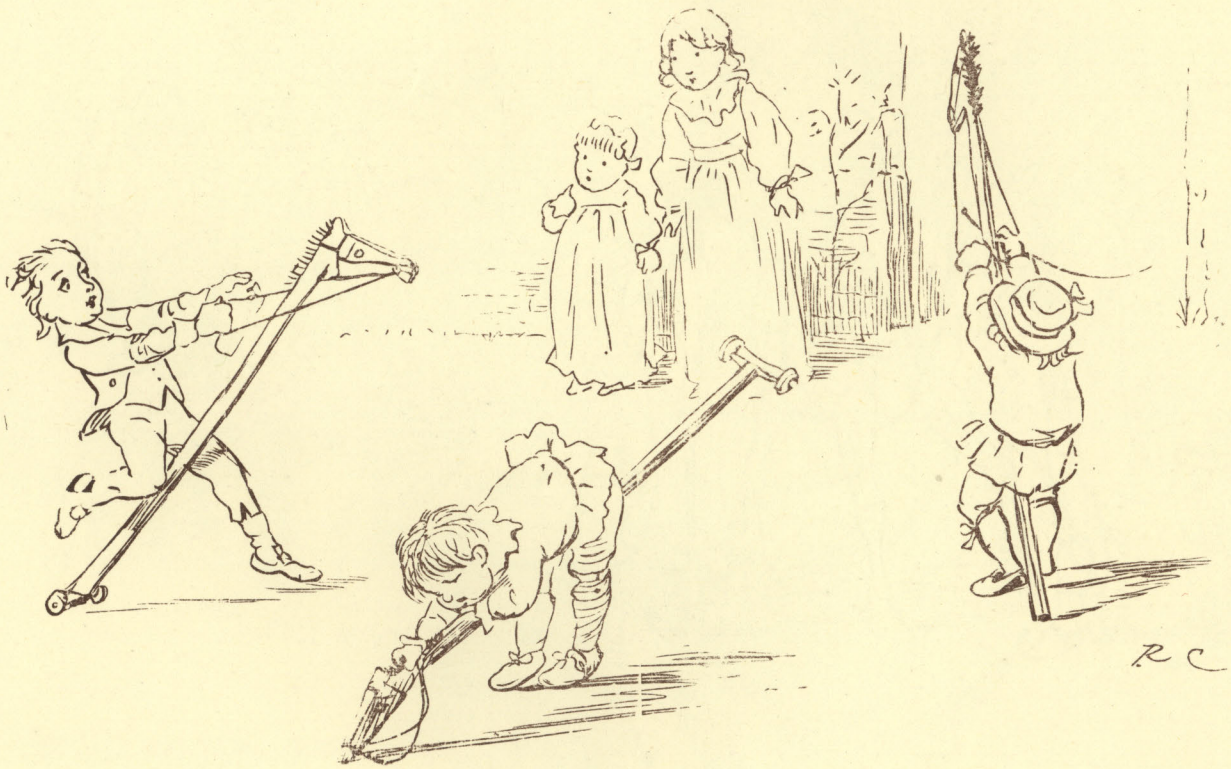
RIDE A COCK-HORSE
TO BANBURY CROSS

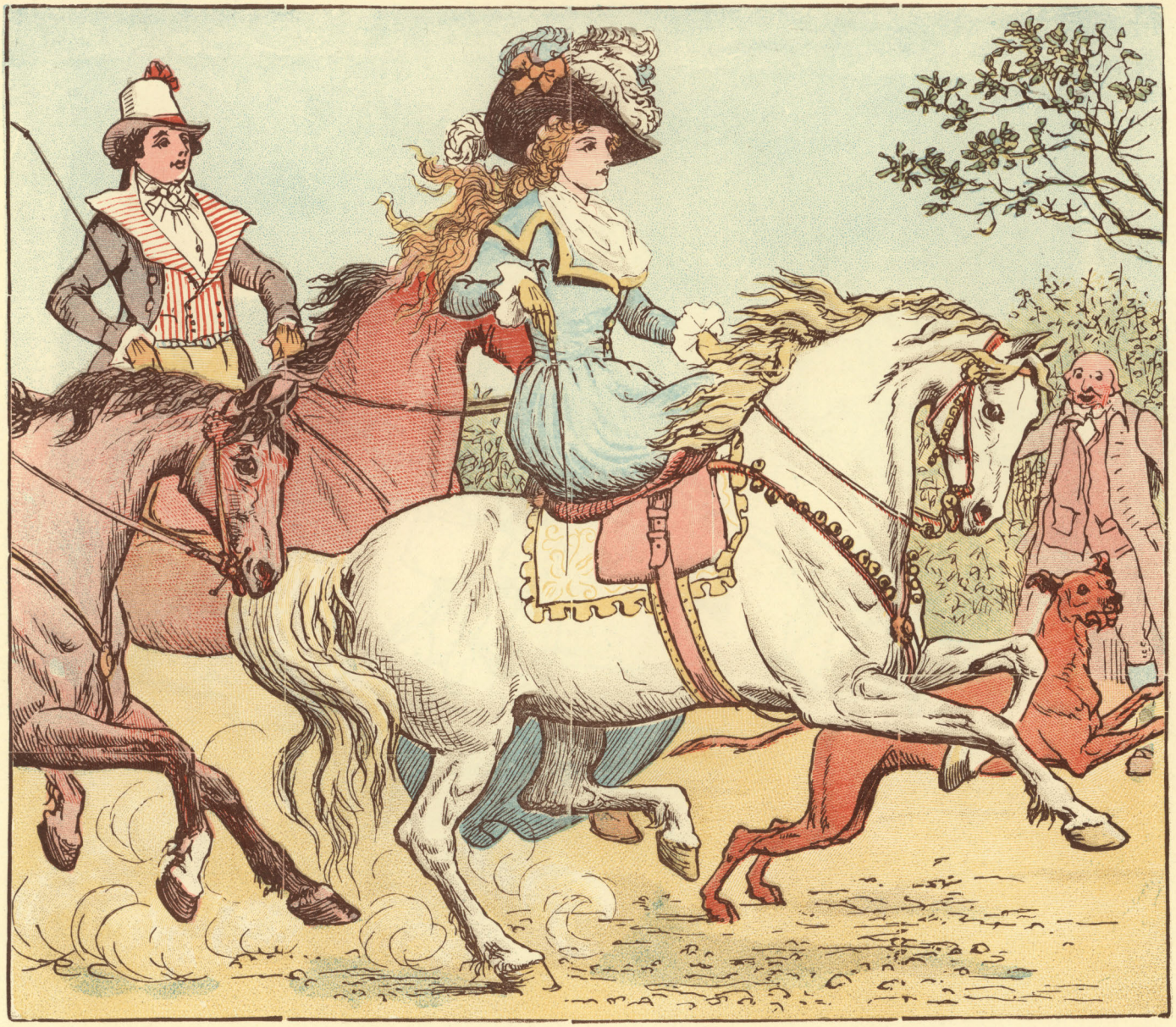
RIDE a Cock-Horse
to Banbury Cross,





To see a fine Lady
Get on a white Horse,



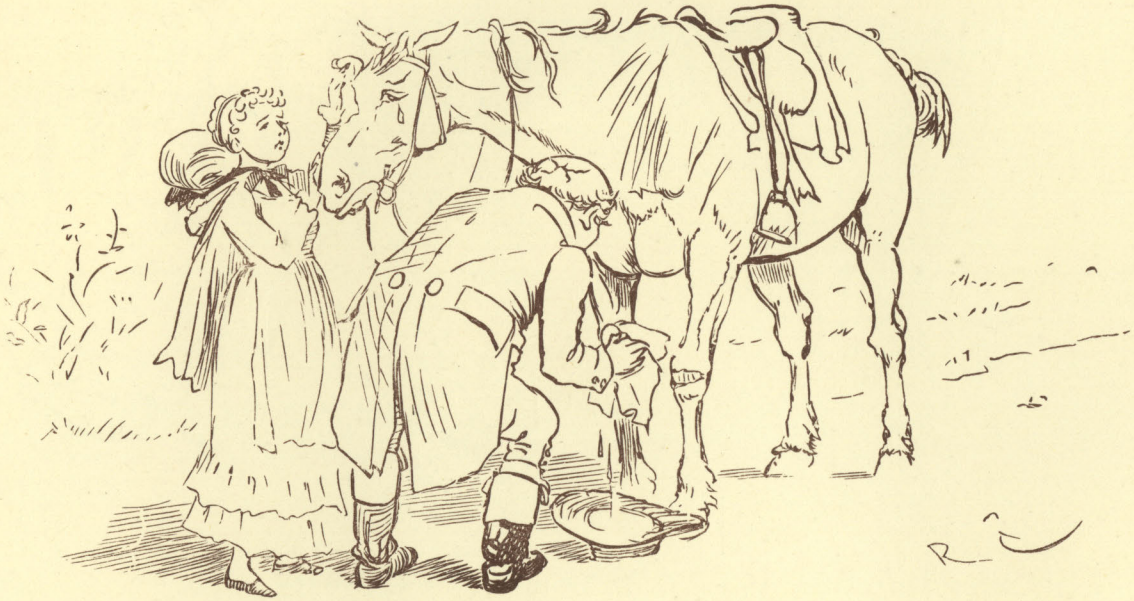


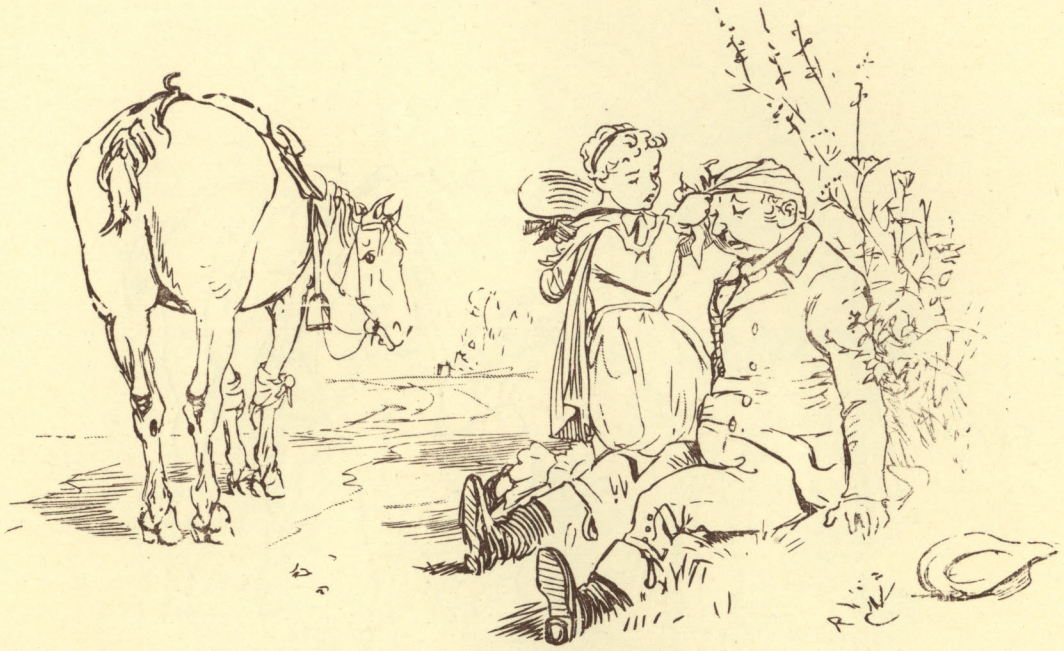
With rings on her fingers,
and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes

A FARMER WENT TROTTING
UPON HIS GREY MARE

A Farmer went trotting upon his grey Mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his Daughter behind him, so rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A Raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The Mare broke her knees and the Farmer his crown;
Lumpety lumpety, lump!





The mischievous Raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day·
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

AN ELEGY

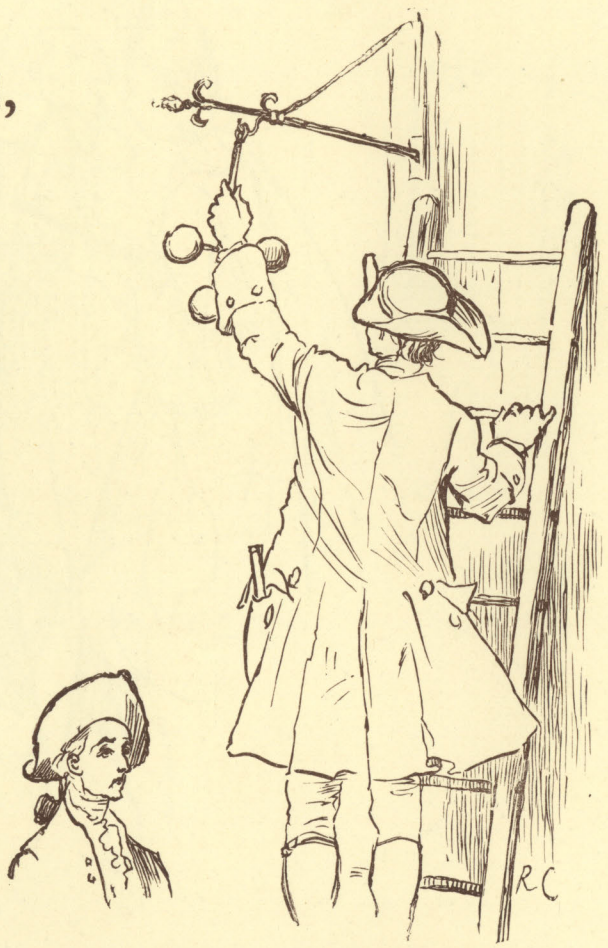
ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX

MRS. MARY BLAIZE

BY

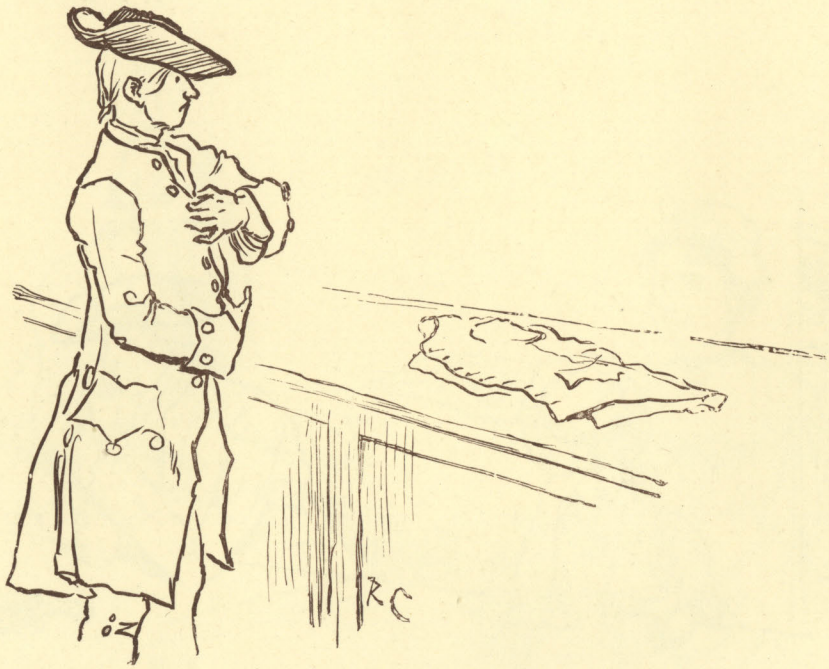
DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Good people all,
with one accord,
Lament for
Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted
a good word—



From those

who spoke her praise.



The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—

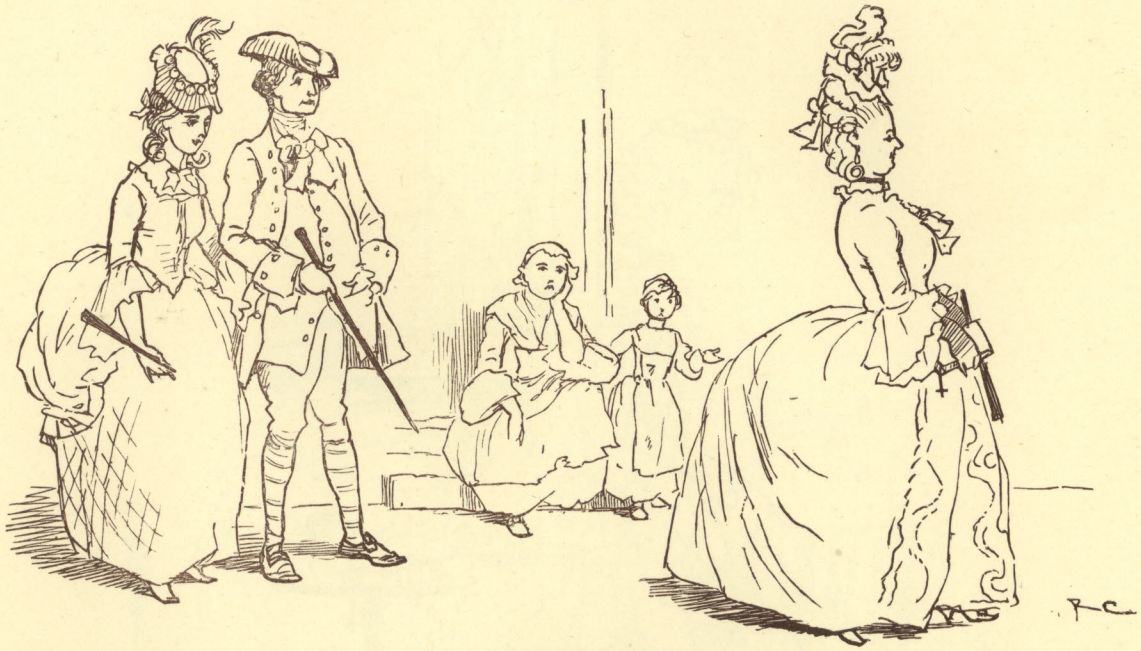
Who left

a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;

And never follow'd wicked ways—

Unless when she was sinning.



At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew –

But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,

By twenty beaux and more;

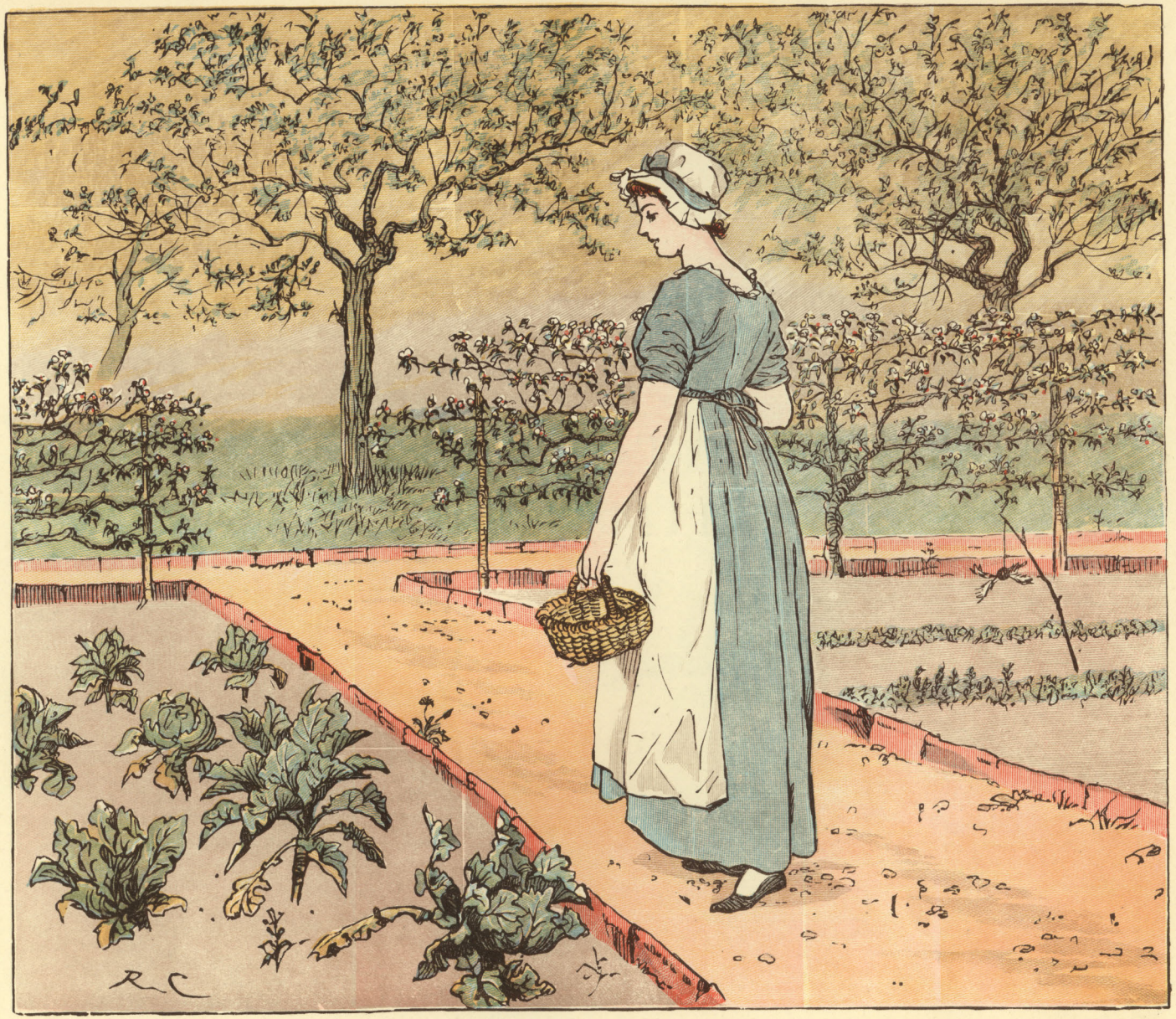
The King himself has follow'd her—

When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all:
The Doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

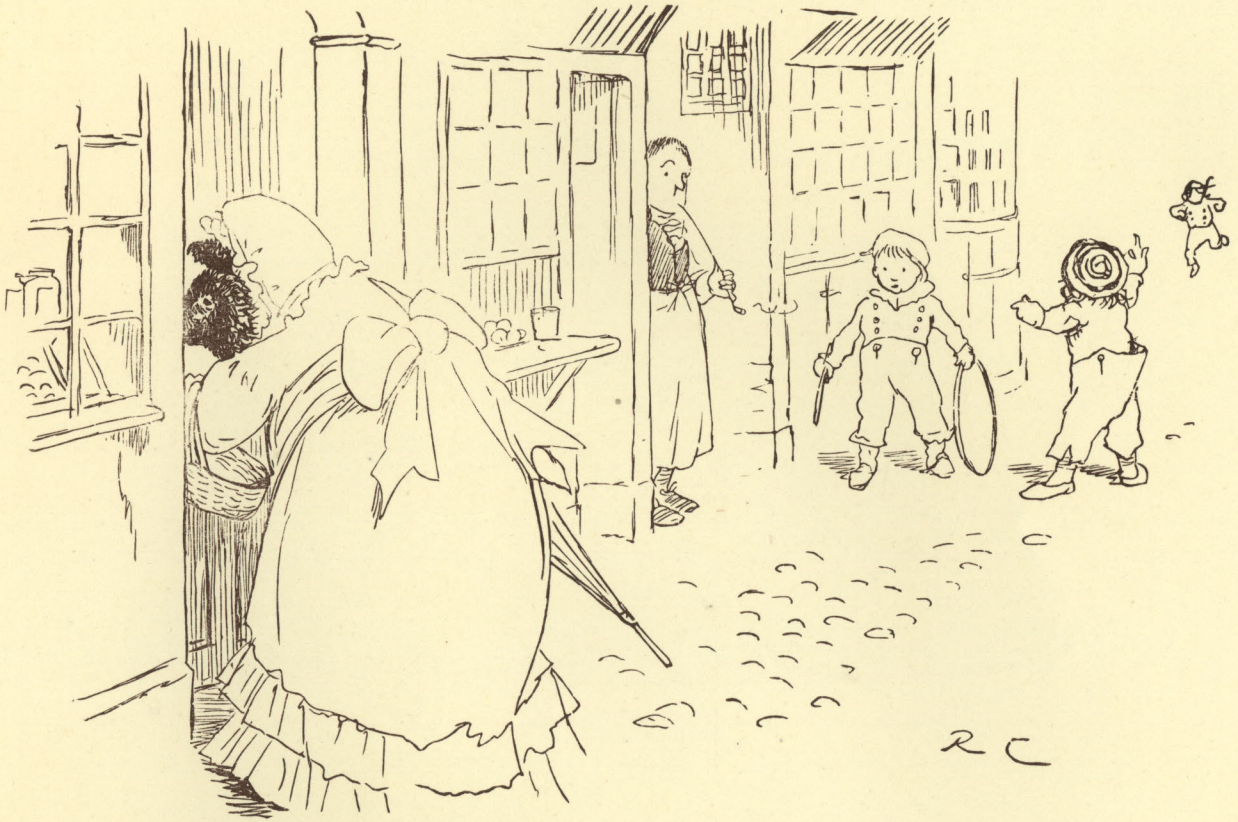
THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF



So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf

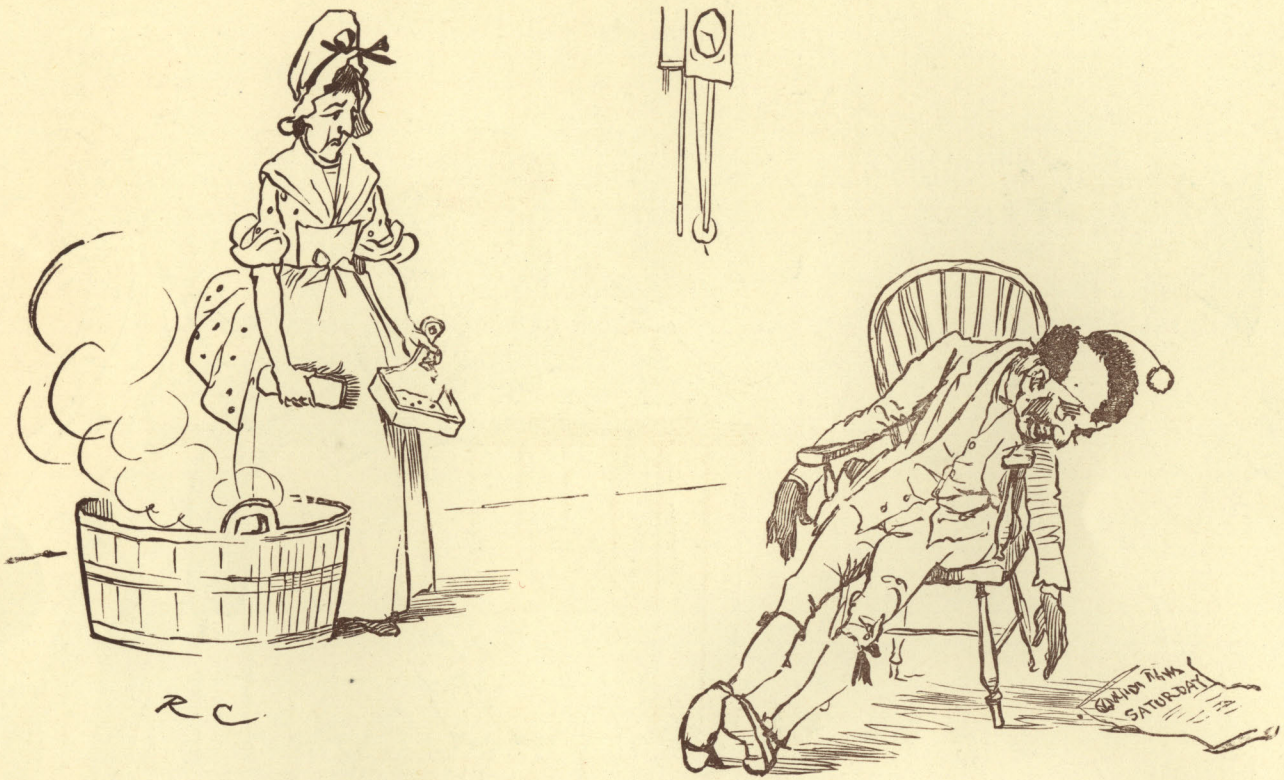
to make

an apple-pie;



and at the same time a great she-bear,
coming down the street, pops its head
into the shop.

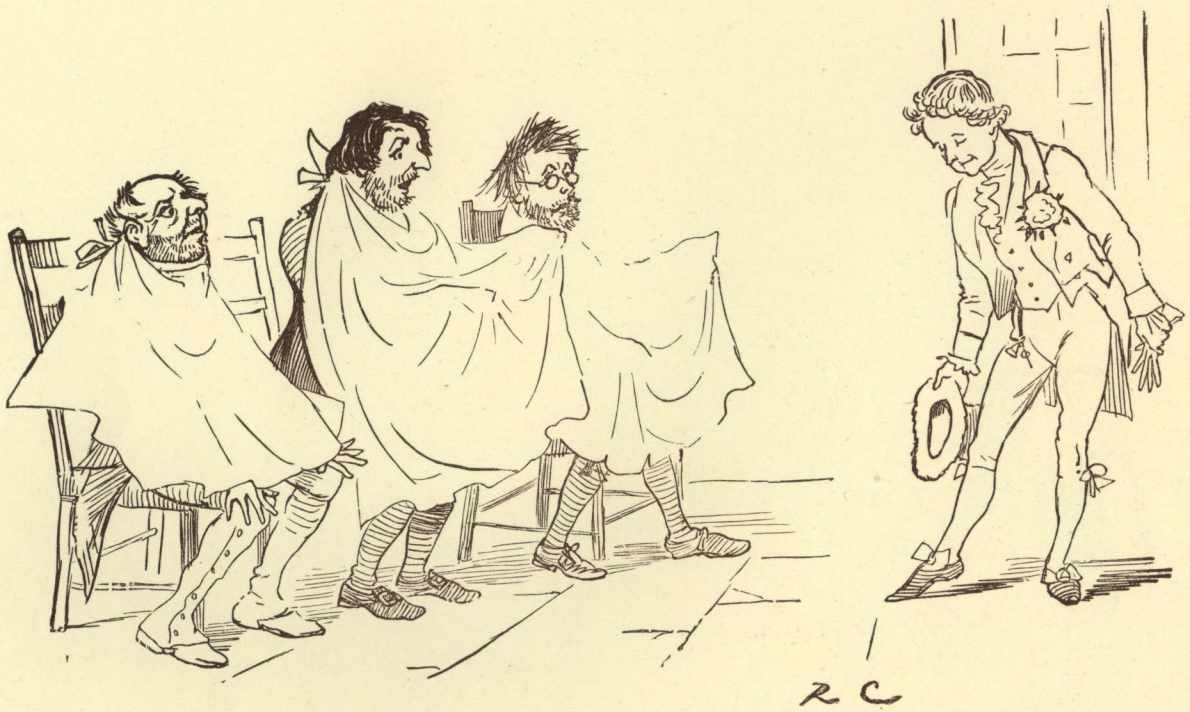
What ! no soap ?



So he died,

RC

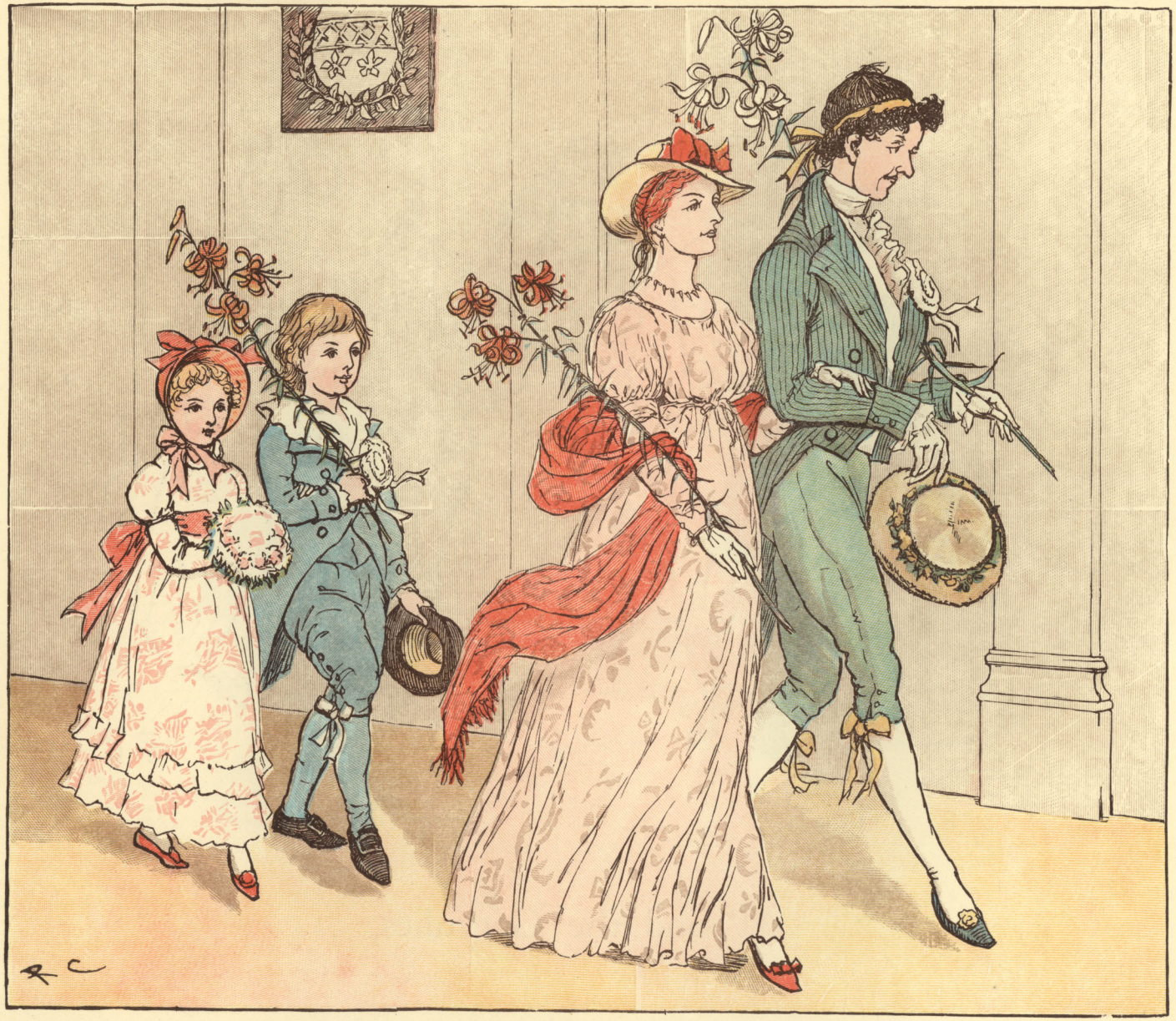
and she very imprudently married the Barber :


RC

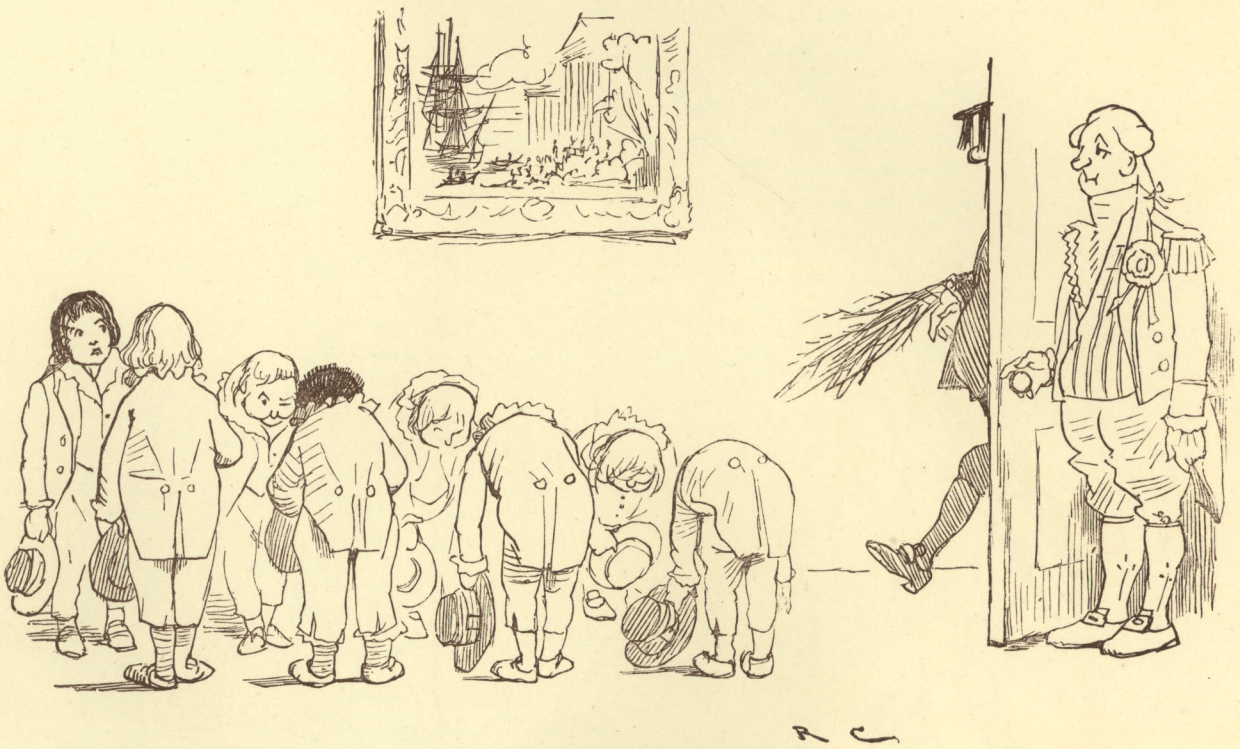
and there were present

the Picninnies,

and the Joblillies,



and the Garyulies,



and the great Panjandrum himself, with
the little round button at top;

LATIN
GRAMM

and they all fell to playing the game of
catch-as-catch-can,

till the gunpowder ran out at the heels
of their boots.

R C

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